

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



PROPERTY OF
THE MICHIGAN UNION
NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM THIS ROOM

Clear the Track!

PROPERTY OF
THE MICHIGAN UNION
NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM THIS ROOM

Everyone who owns a home or expects to build should have a copy of this booklet

Modern Bathrooms

A good sanitary system is the first and most important part of the home equipment. To safeguard the domestic health and to keep the home thoroughly clean and wholesome at all times, plumbing fixtures affording absolute and perfect sanitation are a prime necessity. The choosing of your fixtures is too serious a matter to delegate to other hands, and if you are not sufficiently familiar with sanitary matters to make the decision for yourself, this booklet, MODERN BATHROOMS, gives you in full the information you should have.

MODERN BATHROOMS is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the sanitary subject. It gives you a knowledge of sanitary matters that will be invaluable in fitting up or remodeling your home. It illustrates complete equipments of every style and price for the bathroom, bedroom, kitchen and laundry—tells how to plan, buy and arrange your fixtures and exactly how much each fixture costs.

MODERN BATHROOMS tells the story of snowy "Standard" Porcelain Enamel Ware and how "Standard" fixtures, costing you no more than others, make your home more healthful, more comfortable and more beautiful than any other plumbing fixtures in the world.

MODERN BATHROOMS contains the complete solution of your sanitary problem. It will pay you to send for it before deciding on the plumbing equipment for your home. Write to-day (enclosing six cents postage) and we will send that you receive a copy by return mail.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. 38, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.**
 Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street
 Pittsburgh Showroom, 949 Penn Avenue New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
 Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.
 London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

245°

That is the heat of our ovens. That's why our beans are mealy, yet nutty; and why they digest. Beans—above all foods—need to be factory cooked.

You who bake beans at home, you don't know how good beans can be. It isn't your fault, but you lack the facilities. You need more heat. The fibre of beans must be broken down, else they are not digestible. And that requires a fierce heat.

We get it by using live steam in our ovens. Thus we apply a terrific heat without scorching.

The result is, our beans are digestible—yours are heavy. Ours are all cooked alike—yours are not. Ours are mealy, yet nutty, for the skins are not broken. We bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together. That gives our delicious blend.

You will eat more beans, and will like them better, when you once know Van Camp's. And they are so convenient—always ready. A delicious meal without work or delay.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

We pay \$2.10 per bushel for beans—use only full-ripe tomatoes—none but corn-fed pork.

We could buy beans for one-seventh what we pay. And buy catsup, ready made, for one-fifth what it costs us to make it.

But we use only the whitest, the plumpest, the finest beans grown. And every tomato is ripened on the vines. We have spent 47 years in learning how to perfect this dish.

That is why Van Camp's are so different from others. And why they command the largest sale in the world.

Once try them—once learn their flavor, their superlative zest—and no others will satisfy.

You may find that some beans cost a little less—and no wonder. We could easily cut our cost more than half, if we wanted.

But are not the best beans cheap enough, when you consider that beans

are 84% nutriment? And isn't it better to get the beans that your people will like? You serve beans once a week now, perhaps. You'll serve Van Camp's several times.



Prices: 10c, 15c and 20c per can. You can get them without the tomato sauce, if you prefer. At your grocers.

Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind. Established 1861

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets



FLOUR BIN

Flour Bin

The flour is put in at the top, passes through the entire bin, and is taken out thoroughly sifted at the bottom. The bin is self-cleaning.

Recipe Cabinet

100 recipe cards, 10 guide cards labeled Bread, Cake and Desserts, Eggs, Fish, Meats, Miscellaneous, Salads, Sauces, Soups, Vegetables.

Aluminum Work Table

Can be drawn out beyond the front of the cabinet over 11 inches, adding more than one-third the working space.



SPICE CABINET



The Hoosier sliding shelves slide in and out the same drawers, and the contents of the cupboard can be brought to the front within easy reach by drawing out the shelf.

The Labor Saver Every Woman Wants
Every woman who does not own a Hoosier is doing unnecessary work—is taking thousands of unnecessary footsteps.

A Hoosier will cut the time she now spends in the kitchen in two. There is probably a dealer in your city handling the Hoosier. Go into this store and see the Hoosier. Get our Catalog, whether there is a dealer in your city or not. It is full of valuable suggestions. If there is no dealer in your city, write us.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
NEW CASTLE, INDIANA



SUGAR BIN

Spice Cabinet

Contains six airtight cans, highly finished and labeled Ginger, Cloves, Cream of Tartar, Allspice, Baking Powder and Cinnamon.

Sugar Bin

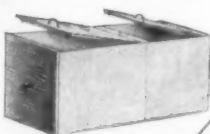
The bulk of the sugar is held in the upper part of the bin. When a scoop full is taken out the same quantity drops down.

Want List

Everything needed in the kitchen alphabetically arranged—a simple and effective system for keeping stock.

Bread and Cake Box

Keeps bread fresh and moist. 9 x 11 x 24 inches, made of metal and has close fitting lids. One end is partitioned off for cake.



Bread and Cake Box

I want to have a HOOSIER kitchen cabinet some day. Without any obligations on my part, please send me your catalog.

Name.....
Address.....

Single-Cylinder Service

The notable **six years' career** of the sturdy single-cylinder Cadillacs has been one continuous series of splendid performances. It has proven that genuine, thoroughly satisfactory automobile service may be obtained at a **small initial outlay**, with merely a **trifling operating expense**. Not only are these little wonders the most **economically maintained** of motor cars, but they contain more persistence and power, proportionately, than any other automobile.

CADILLAC

We want to **prove** to you every word we say about Cadillac economy, endurance and dependability; what we say about performance the car itself will prove. Get our booklet

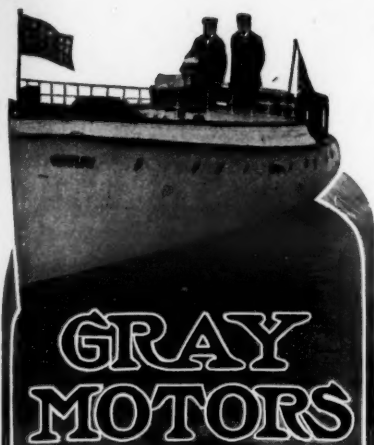
The Truth About the Automobile and What it Costs to Maintain One

and read the sworn statements of 158 single-cylinder owners, residing in almost every state, giving actual facts and figures. Here are the averages: **less than \$2.50 per month for repairs; eighteen miles' travel per gallon of gasoline, or one third of a cent per mile per passenger.** Copy free on request for Booklet 24.

The single-cylinder Models T and S are described in Catalog T 24.
 Cadillac Model H, four cylinders, 30 h. p., \$2,500, is described in Catalog H 24;
 Model G, four cylinders, 25 h. p., \$2,000, in Catalog G 24.

Prices include pair of dash oil lamps, tail lamp, and horn.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.
Member A. L. A. M.



GRAY MOTORS
Yacht "GRAYLING"
Fastest Cruising Motor Boat in the World
of its length and beam, is equipped with three 40 h. p., 4 cylinder, Gray Motors (190 h. p.); winner of the Time Prize in the 200 mile race on Lake Erie, Aug. 11, 1907—write for interesting story of the race.
But these very engines with which the "Grayling" made the fastest time are not one bit better than our \$97.50—256 h. p. engine. Every Gray Motor must be absolutely perfect before it leaves our factory.
\$97.50
Complete Boat Outfit (NOT BARE)
Shaft, Propeller, Wheel, Stuffing Box, Muffler, Batteries, Spark Coll, Wire, Switch, etc.
Write for new 1908 Catalog today.
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Our enormous 5 story factory is the largest and most modernly equipped plant in the world devoted exclusively to manufacturing 2-cylinder Marine Motors.
Gray Engines are high grade in every detail of motors and outfit regardless of the low prices. Get description of the wonderful 1908 motors—256 to 40 h. p.
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500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and models, good as new... \$3 to \$8
On Approval without a cent deposit. We Ship on Approval and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalog and offer. Write now.
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Improves the tone and sweetness of your Phonograph.
Baldwin's Patented Ivory Needle for Talking Machines

Does away with the scratching metallic sounds—prolongs life of records—used on any disc machine. One needle used over and over again, then renewed. A delight and pleasure to every owner of a talking machine. 25 needles, including patent adjuster, \$1.00 by mail or at dealers.
BALDWIN MFG. CO., Suite 911, 122 Monroe St., CHICAGO

Collier's

New York

Saturday, February 29, 1908



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For Making Coffee on the Table

Coffee can be made a clear, delicious, healthful beverage if prepared in the

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Coffee Percolator

It's boiling the grounds that spoils Coffee. The Manning-Bowman method filters the water through the Coffee, extracting the flavor and leaving the tannic acid and bitter grounds behind. Saves One Third because it extracts all the good of the Coffee.
At leading dealers, in the firm style with alcohol burner or Coffee Pot Style for use on gas stove or range. Over 100 styles and sizes.
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Racine Hatcher Co., Box 98, Racine, Wis.
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Collier's National Hotel Directory

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

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The Rennert E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.
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Copley Square Hotel Huntingdon Ave., Exeter House. 350 delightful rooms, 300 private baths. E. \$1.50 up.
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Margaret Overlooks N. Y. Harbor. Accessible to New York and the Sea. Family and Transient. Quiet. A. \$3.50. Eu. \$1.50. Thomas Tobey.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Chicago Beach Hotel 51st, Bond, and Lake Shore. American and European plan. Finest hotel on the Great Lakes. Special Winter rates. 150 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.
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Hotel Euclid Euclid Ave. 300 new and handsome rooms. 150 baths. European Plan. \$1.50 to \$5.00 per day. Fred S. Avery, Prop.
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Brown Palace Hotel Absolutely fireproof. Service and cuisine unexcelled. European Plan. \$1.50 and up. N. B. Tabor.
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New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.
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De Soto Hotel Savannah's leading hostelry. Location central to all points. 300 rooms. Beautifully furnished. Rathskeller & Grill. A. & E. Plans.
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Hotel St. Francis In heart of the city opp. beautiful park, near clubs, shops and theatres. Every comfort and convenience. Acc. 1900. \$2 up. E. P.
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Galen Hall Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick and steel building. Always ready, always busy, always open. Table and attendance unsurpassed.
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Kenilworth Inn Open all year. 2400 feet above sea level. Average winter temperature 48 degrees. Pure spring water. American Plan \$4 up.
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Charleston Hotel Riddick & Pyra, Proprietors. Unusual accommodations for tourists. Center of the oldest Southern picturesque.
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The Lakewood Hotel Brick construction. 400 handsomely furnished rooms. Water cure baths. Cuisine and service famous. American and European plans. James N. Berry, Mgr.
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
Hotel Warwick In the heart of Historic Virginia. Excellent appointments. Service and cuisine at reasonable rates. Delightful climate.
BERMUDA
British Military and Naval Station
Hotel Hamilton A modern stone structure, commands view of Atlantic Ocean. For rates apply to Hotel Arlington, 30 W. 25th St., New York.

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The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.
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GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
The Biggs Sanitarium Ideal Climate. Cures effected by natural methods. Electric Light baths, Hydro-Therapy, Electricity, Massage, Vibration, Physical Culture. Illus. Booklet.
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Pennoyer Sanitarium Est. 1857. Chicago Suburb. Homelike. Most scrupulous medical care. Illus. Booklet.
WERNERSVILLE, PA.
Grand View Sanatorium Winter mountain resort for Health and Rest. Even and noiseless heating a feature. Come now.
Walter's Hotel Sanitarium All modern conveniences for Summer or Winter. P.O. Walter's Park, Pa. 94 min. from Phila.



Brazilian battleship "Blachudo" Italian cruiser "Puglia" United States flagship "Connecticut" German cruiser "Bremen"

Drawn by H. REUTERDAHL, Callier's Special Artist on board the battleship "Minnesota"

The Atlantic Fleet in the Harbor of Rio de Janeiro

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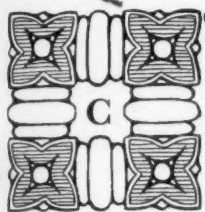
The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street
NEW YORK

February 29, 1908

PROPERTY OF
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Liquor Dealers



CONSIDER THE TROUBLES of the saloon-keeper—the excursions, chowders, picnics, concerts, balls, and receptions he has to buy tickets for; his police troubles; the occasional visits of deputy excise inspectors; the clerks who have been known to write letters enclosing tickets for benefits, to which the saloon-keeper feels "obligated" to buy \$10 worth of admission; the weddings, funerals, birthdays, and "blow-outs" of his friends in the district. Yes, he has power, but he pays a price for it. He is owned. He is a slave. Really, it is more fun to be honest. If you do not believe it, ask a liquor dealer, or a grafting policeman, or any other person trafficking in human flesh, with the power to make and break men. They are held under a vise with all the pressure of hell on it. And then, the men at the very top of the system;—with the enemies they have made, and the strange bargains they have struck, and the bloody trail they have left, they are not happy. If you have ever known one, you will remember that impression they make of being shadowed by something ominous and fateful. An insider pays a big price for his location. It is pleasanter to play outside, where your running mates do not fear you and do not hate you. Surely, the saloon-keeper has his troubles. He is behind all the time, behind on his rent, or his mortgage, or his pumps, or his water rates, or his expenses for oiling "the system" and eliminating friction. As a result, he has to scratch for profits. And here is the nub of the evil. Liquor dealers, as a class, are the same as the rest of us. Plenty of them are fond of their families and have a quiet respect for the ways of decency. They have no wish to ruin girls, to lure married men into the company of women of the street, and to steal bread money from families with whom they are acquainted. Yet these things many of them do, because they have to live. How can they live with the brewer on their back and the assessment system working continuously? And it certainly is not to be supposed that the brewer, as an individual, is the central villain of the municipality. He is one more American financier making long-distance profits. The brewer is a syndicate with absentee capital—a corporation, not an individual, organizing and conducting business through a multitude of agents, layer on layer, so that the iniquity is well filtered before its proceeds reach the stockholder. It is not John Smith *versus* a certain brewer. It is John Smith at the bottom of a great evil load, feebly groaning—a load composed equally of commercialism and corruption, but his cry never reaches the gentleman gracefully pirouetting on the plateau at the top. Perhaps the brewers do not know these things. Here's telling them.

Eulogy

FOR THE OPENING TRIBUTE, O contributor, our kindly thanks. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, being complimented, once likened himself to the man who said he reckoned he liked gingerbread better than any man alive, and got less of it. However—to our sheep:

"The Editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

"SIR—Apropos of your humorous comments on the Indiana Republican Editorial Association's rather fulsome flattery of CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, you end a splendid editorial weakly, by saying: 'Knowing FAIRBANKS would be beaten almost beyond recognition by a Democrat like JOHNSON of Minnesota, etc., etc.' COLLIER'S calls itself, and not without reason, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY; it is a broad title, and to live up to it, it should be broad in its views of things National. No one assuredly knows better than the editor of COLLIER'S who is going to be nominated at Denver, and no man living stands more for the ideals that COLLIER'S stands for than Mr. BRYAN. Then why talk about JOHNSON! It is written on the minds and graven on the hearts of the people who the next President of the United States will be, and COLLIER'S in its battles for the right in State and National affairs has foreshadowed it.

RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

"PHILADELPHIA, PA."

That part of Mr. JENNINGS's urbane epistle laudatory of Mr. BRYAN is well deserved. That leader preached political and business regeneration in a day when such preaching was less popular. He has shown bravery and uprightness. Nevertheless, we have a perfect right to mention other Democrats, and shall now proceed to explain why

Feb. 29

we dragged in the name of Governor JOHNSON, although it will take another paragraph to make this explanation, and although it no doubt will seem inadequate to many and offensive to not a few among the more extreme adherents of Mr. BRYAN.

We Expound Some Thoughts

OUR MEANING, READER DEAR from Philadelphia, was exclusively that Governor JOHNSON could undoubtedly defeat Mr. FAIRBANKS. We were not talking about who would be, or should be, the nominee, although we did indicate him who would, in our opinion, poll the highest Democratic vote. If the reactionary Republicans win at Chicago, their candidate apparently will be CANNON. This astute gentleman of the jokelets and the whiskers will not be so easy to defeat as would the high-browed statesman who is being so nobly supported for the Presidency by the eloquent Mr. BEVERIDGE. Probably Uncle JOE could be beaten by Mr. JOHNSON, not impossibly by Mr. BRYAN. Now then comes the stronger probability, that some liberal Republican will be nominated, like TAFT, LA FOLLETTE, or HUGHES. If the Democrats then wish to put up an even entertaining battle, they will assuredly need their strongest candidate. Personally, we stand about like this: We should support either BRYAN or JOHNSON against CANNON or FAIRBANKS just as we supported the liberal Republican now in the White House against the Wall Street Democrat who opposed him. If both parties nominate what might be called ethical candidates, we shall make no fight, although our comments will be frequent and unrestrained. The reason that any Republican candidate would fear JOHNSON more than BRYAN is no discredit to the Nebraska leader. Although the West is filled with an enthusiasm most creditable to Mr. BRYAN, it is not easy for a Democrat to win entirely without the East; and New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and perhaps Indiana, contain many thousands of voters who, however much they may respect Mr. BRYAN's character and moral leadership, think his intellect more suited to perceiving wrongs than to selecting remedies. With reason or without, they deem him less equipped with sound judgment than with moral ardor. They respect his agitation, but fear his government. For this reason, a hard-headed candidate, who was at the same time radical, would, in our opinion, make a stronger run in the Eastern doubtful States.

Sweet Reasonableness

A WORD WITH MR. JUSTICE BREWER. If despatches are to be believed, he has again launched severely forth in words. Why need this stump oratory proceed? Why need the firmament be filled with sound? If there is any member of the Supreme Court who will vote for the constitutionality of every law supported by his benefactor, his presence is to be regretted; but it is surely as great an error for a judge to decide against laws out of a desire to chastise one party or one leader. Mr. Justice BREWER must decide as he deems fit, but would it not be as well if he retired a little into himself, and made no more fierce speeches either against the President or against "government by mob"? He may otherwise give to the laboring men an impression that he is rather a reactionary politician than a calm and open-hearted judge.

Can You Answer This?

ON LIBERTY STREET, New York, is an auction room where a man who owns a share of national bank stock worth x dollars, and needs the money, can go and do business with a man who has the x dollars in his pocket and wants the bank stock. This seems to fulfil every legitimate function of a stock exchange. What additional service, of usefulness to society, is performed by that Wall Street institution which has appropriated to itself the name Stock Exchange? We ask the question not in irony, but in good faith: or, as Togo would express it, we inquire to know. We think it possible the Stock Exchange has other useful functions, and we should like to balance them with its known evils, to determine, if possible, whether President ROOSEVELT, Governor HASKELL of Oklahoma, and other sincere men of intelligence are justified in their wish

to cripple it to an extent which would amount to extinction—whether the bill to that effect, now pending in the New York Legislature, ought to pass. Will members and friends of the Stock Exchange answer this question? And will they approach it, not in the heat of defense, but with the detachment with which we must examine it ourselves? And will they include in their answer an estimate of what proportion of the total business of the Exchange consists of transactions like those in Liberty Street as above described? The New York "World" has estimated this as low as 3 per cent, and we have seen this estimate resented. Also, will these stockbrokers tell us what distinction there is between plain gambling and the other 97 per cent—if it is 97—of the Stock Exchange business? And is this proportion of the business accurately described when we say it is the case of a man who has ten dollars and desires to bet that a share of stock worth anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars, which the bettor could not own and does not wish to own, is to be quoted on the Exchange ten points higher or ten points lower?

On Wearing Rubbers

A FINE TACT, a lofty sense of the delicacy of his position, continues to dominate Mr. CHARLES SANGER MELLE in his attitude toward the effort of the people of Massachusetts to prevent him from consolidating the only two independent railroads in New England. We have already noted that fineness of feeling which impelled Mr. MELLE to decline the Twentieth Century Club's invitation to speak to them about the merger. Now, the Boston Credit Men's Association, accepting the New Haven president's position of personal silence, addressed him a letter assuring him that "we are entirely impartial in this matter," and asking "if you can suggest some one representing your views whom we may invite to bring out such points as you would desire the people to understand." In declining, Mr. MELLE says:

"Our company is in no sense urging any merger with the Boston and Maine, and takes little or no interest in the discussion. . . . We have refused many invitations to discuss this subject that have come from various parties, and feel it would place us in a false light to now accept or take any interest in the one to which you call our attention. We shall be entirely satisfied with any disposition of our stockholding interest in the Boston and Maine that may be worked out by the General Court of the Commonwealth, but are indisposed to place ourselves in the position of urging any particular plan in connection therewith."

Not only will Mr. MELLE take care that no act of his shall influence the public mind. No agent, friend, or subordinate of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad shall do aught which might lead the public to infer that the owners and officials of that road wish to buy a controlling interest in the Boston and Maine. Unquestionably, this accounts for the secrecy and caution with which some insubordinate underling of Mr. MELLE's has, without his authority, spent some sixteen million dollars of the New Haven's money in buying over a third of the shares of the Boston and Maine. Plainly, money does *not* talk. It is as silent as Mr. MELLE.

"Electra"

JUST ONCE IN A WHILE something appears upon our stage which makes a difference. Such is the "Electra," now being played by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL's company. It is a play which lifts, broadens, cultivates. It helps life to a richer meaning. It is a free breath in an art now feeble and anemic. It makes of art a human asset and not the joke it often is.

More About Bill

AS MISSOURI HAS DIRECT PRIMARIES, interest is naturally keen in the rival candidates for United States Senator, one a man whose record is admirable, both as Circuit Attorney of St. Louis and as Governor; the other he to whom refers the following observation from the Louisville "Herald":

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY quotes the advertisement of a Yukon mining company, offering shares at fifty cents each, and promising dividends of one hundred per cent per annum for over forty-four years. Among the officers and directors appears a former governor of Missouri. It may be his name is used without consent. If so, the worthy statesman will have some recourse by law, or ought to have, against such an outrage. If it is there with his permission, then the people should have some recourse by law against him and his kind who act as stool pigeons for palpable frauds."

We do not think the Honorable BILL will proceed to law. He comes, indeed, to the defense of his enterprise. STONE really is old-school. As the Joplin (Missouri) "News-Herald" says: "COLLIER's refers to Senator STONE as a Bourbon Democrat. That is hitting the Senator in a weak spot, especially in this year of grace."

In Illinois

ILLINOIS ALSO has a primary law, so the people can not complain of anybody but themselves if HOPKINS is reelected. This new law provides for the nomination of practically all State elective officers, including members of the Legislature, by a plurality party vote. It also carries with it an advisory vote for

United States Senator. HOPKINS has persistently fought primary legislation in the State, because the gang method of party rule was most familiar and most useful to him. An honest primary threatens to make his organization ineffective. Though the new primary law provides for an advisory choice, the people of Illinois should not forget that in the August primary the members of the Legislature will be chosen who are actually to cast the ballots for HOPKINS's successor. Of course, it will mean a hard fight to displace HOPKINS. He has been building his "Federal" machine for over twenty years. If Governor DENEEN would take a decided stand against this Senator, with whose methods he has no real sympathy, the fight would be half won. There is talk of Illinois having no suitable man with whom to oppose HOPKINS. Illinois, third in population, third in manufacturing, second in agriculture: where is men? We will hand out a few names now, as instances of human beings more fitted for the office than is Senator HOPKINS. There is Mr. GEORGE ADAMS, for example, with his excellent record both in the Illinois Legislature and in Congress. He would do credit to the State. There is GEORGE E. FOSS, whose record as Congressman is good. There is E. B. BUTLER, talked about for Republican candidate for Mayor, before Mr. BUSSE was selected. There is CHARLES GATES DAWES, if the people want a financier and politician of good standing. And there must be one or two others in a State of about five million inhabitants.

Civilizing the Mountaineers

THE KILLING OF HARGIS, the dictator of Breathitt County, Kentucky, gives timeliness to a letter which we might not have found the moment to print—a manufacturer's observations on life in a mountain town not far from HARGIS's neighborhood:

"They come," he writes, referring to the employees of a fibre company, "from the mountains or backwoods."

"Usually the whole family comes, and the superintendent has to send the mother, babies, and dogs back, often having a fuss with the parents about where he shall draw the line regarding the small children coming to work. But they say: 'You promised to give all our children work.' He tells them he promised to give all the children old enough work. After getting started they stay in and do as much and as well as is expected of them for that week, and till the following Wednesday, which is their first 'pay day.' Thursday morning not a one of them in. Some of the girls come in Friday morning, but the men stay out the rest of the week. After the first few weeks the girls don't stay out after pay day, and they don't ever drink, and are nice, modest girls and learn faster than the men, and by threats and much persuasion they get the men so they only lose Thursday for their weekly drunk."

"Then one of them gets sick, and the village doctor goes down and finds everything so unclean he can't stay in the house. So he makes a complaint, gets a man sent down to scrub up, and they are talked to and given to understand they will have to give up the house if they don't keep it clean. In three or four years they are enough civilized to keep clean and to live better. When you first mention school for the little ones, they say: 'We have got along pretty well without any education, and it ain't right to make their brothers and sisters work for them and they go to school, and we have been at work for them all their lives and now it's time for them to go to work for me and their ma.' But when you get them to go to the Christmas tree, by posting up signs that every one there will get a present, and they see other children clean and bright-looking, reciting Christmas carols, it kindles ambition in their hearts, especially the mothers. As their desire for more things and better things increases, they commence to work regular and finally get so they put in solid time because they want more of the comforts of life. And in eight or ten or twelve years they have bought a piano or organ, and the girls are taking music lessons, and their floors are covered with matting or rugs, their old stove is gone and a range is in its place, the house is nicely furnished, and there are flowers in the yard."

Material needs and ambitions are often among the greatest forces of civilization. That a part of Kentucky's population is almost barbarous we are reminded by such dramatic episodes as the Hargis shooting and the Powers trial, and doubtless it is before the march of material things that this barbarity is doomed to disappear. And, by the way, as the Powers case has brought no credit to Kentucky, we hope the Governor will feel justified in responding favorably to the present strong demand for a pardon. The views expressed by the Kentucky Court of Appeals—whose members deserve the highest praise—would apparently be ground on which a pardon could be wisely granted.

Insurance

PRESIDENT DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, of the New York Life Insurance Company, emits these thoughts:

"Many people take pride in the success and importance of the business institutions of the Empire State. They even take some satisfaction in the fact that the banks, the trust companies, and the life insurance companies of the State are considered stronger and larger than many in other States. This attitude may not be altogether philosophic, but it is human. . . . The companies of this State . . . to-day . . . have less insurance in force than at the close of 1905, by an amount aggregating \$256,000,000. . . . The ordinary unphilosophic citizen . . . doesn't like to see the business institutions of his State going backward. The exhibit will convince most men that the laws have gone too far and that it is time remedial measures were undertaken."

We commend to the citizen of Oklahoma, and every other of the forty-five States which do not include Wall Street, this argument for the repeal of the Armstrong insurance laws. As a matter of

fact, more laws and more stringent ones are needed to curb that unreasoning race for size, the cost of which is paid by the policyholder, whatever may be the effect upon the profit reaped by President KINGSLEY and his associate masters of the arts and tricks of overpersuasion and cajolery. High officials in life insurance companies draw big salaries, not for their skill in managing investments—savings bank directors get little or nothing—but for skill in the art of applying impulsive force to large bodies of agents.

One Device for Hard Times

FROM BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON, comes this letter written by one interested in the problem of the unemployed:

"Recently we were as sorely afflicted by the financial stringency as any other city in the United States, and the closing down of our mills owing to complications in the lumber industry further aggravated the condition. At that time several of our public-spirited citizens were appealed to by the Chamber of Commerce to come to the aid of the unemployed. A scheme was eventually agreed upon by which tremendous areas of logged-off land were offered for clearing, payment for the same to be made in land. The usual proportion was half and half; if a man cleared two acres of land he was given one acre as his own, title free, and to hold forever. As the land is easy to clear, the three dozen or so earnest men who, having sufficient capital to provide for their livelihood during the winter and spring, took advantage of this offer will have by next year some of the best agricultural land in the world. There is still much of this land that was offered that has not been taken up, and that is still open on the same terms. Any man who is not afraid of a year's hard work can have this land for the asking."

This is the best device for relieving the unemployed that has come out of the winter; for there are few ends more important than to increase that ratio of self-supporting homes which, of late years, has gone steadily downward through the drift from country to city. These three dozen men are in the way of securing content and comfort for themselves, and character, health, and confidence for their second generations.

A Knotty Question

GOVERNOR HUGHES and the President, in those two addresses, a few weeks back, which competed for the biggest headlines in the morning papers, among many conspicuous divergences, differed on the proper punishment for corporation officials who commit the common crime of conspiring in restraint of trade. The President complained that "one of the favorite methods is to attack the Administration for not procuring the imprisonment instead of the fine of offenders under these anti-trust laws." Governor HUGHES declared straightforwardly:

"I am not in favor of punishment in the shape of fines upon corporations except for minor offenses. The burden of fines imposed upon such corporations is either transferred to the public or is borne by stockholders, the innocent as well as the guilty. Nor am I impressed by the argument that American juries will generally be indisposed to convict where the evidence is clear because the crime is punished by imprisonment of the offenders."

There is justice in Governor HUGHES's position, and there are facts to support the President. It is not less than twenty years since the press and the public generally have treated the formation of trusts as a subject of scorn and obloquy. For the same period innumerable statutes have made it a crime punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. Yet it was only February 4 when three prominent citizens of Toledo went to the workhouse, the first in the United States to suffer imprisonment for this crime. The Federal Government, less than a year ago, tried three high officials of the American Tobacco Company for conspiracy under the Sherman Act; and by the common consent of all who followed the trial, with a perfectly conducted case, proved them to have been guilty under unusually flagrant circumstances. The jury's verdict was not guilty, and few deny that this verdict was based, not on belief in the defendants' innocence, but in unwillingness to send men to jail for such a crime.

Ruling Cities

QUIETLY, while more thundering issues fill the ear, public attention fingers more intelligently and more firmly the big question of city government. Seattle has already imitated the Los Angeles innovation of recall, by petition, for recreant city officials. The same idea has been embodied by the Washington Legislature in the general charter for all cities of the second class. The initiative and referendum has been adopted, during the past year, by Tacoma and Bellingham; on March 3 Seattle will vote on adopting this aid to direct popular government. These innovations, so popular on the Pacific Coast, are opposite in tendency to the Galveston plan, widely lauded in the East, of delegating practically all municipal functions to a board of three men. The Los Angeles plan

provides for the most continuous participation in government by the largest possible number of citizens, and is therefore in the direction of one fundamental in the theory of democracy. The Galveston plan has its strongest justification in the present city ballots, filled with such a myriad of names that about most candidates the citizens have no knowledge. Among tendencies which contrast, but do not by necessity conflict, the future of our city governments is being at present energetically worked out.

Hope Springs Eternal

A SHORT TIME AGO we told about the experience of a young man who answered a racing tipster's advertisement and was advised to bet on Glamor, then running at the New Orleans track. Glamor didn't win, however, and our editorial was monitory, solemn. Its tone displeased the tipster, who brought us a letter from a youth in Amsterdam, New York, who once bet \$5 on the tipster's advice, and remitted \$72 as one-fourth of his winnings. That tipster represented the type—one winning stands out in his mind like a great light, throwing into proper obscurity the shadows of his losses. He will smilingly declare to you that he has the sure way of "beating the races," in the same way that the promoters of the Spargo Mining and Milling Company, for instance, assure you that \$5 invested in two hundred shares of stock now will return you \$140 a year. We have no means of knowing how opulent the promoters of Spargo, Nevada, are, but we have the pertinent confession of this tipster who knows a sure way to win at the race-track that he is regularly employed as a waiter in C—'s restaurant.

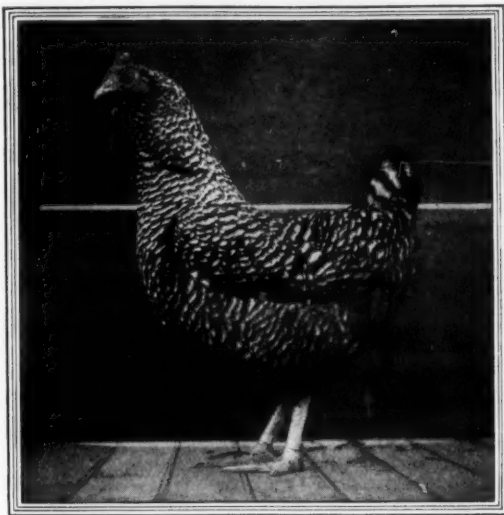
Another Nail in the Mosquito's Coffin

FIRST THE MOSQUITO was tried, condemned, and executed for being the sole carrier of malaria and the chief barrier of the tropics against the white man. Then he was accused, found guilty, and sentenced on account of being the cause of yellow fever. In addition, he was proved to be busy in the dissemination of *filariasis* (elephantiasis). Now comes no less enthusiastic and competent an observer than Dr. GOODHUE, resident physician of the famous Molokai leper colony of Hawaii with the suggestion that this disease may also be carried by the mosquito.

So far it is little more than a suggestion, as the only fact in support of it is that he and his assistant, Father JOSEPH, have succeeded in demonstrating the *Bacillus lepræ* of Hansen in the body of a local mosquito, the *Culex pungens*. If it should prove to be true, it would throw light on the extraordinary gaps and freakishness in the communication of leprosy from one victim to another. Probably, as in the case of malaria and of yellow fever, it is only one particular species of mosquito, and that few in numbers and rare as compared with the swarms of ten or fifteen commoner species, which is capable of conveying this disease. If this particular mosquito happened to be absent from the house occupied by a leper there would be no possibility of the disease being transmitted even to those who lived and ate and slept with him. Dr. GOODHUE in his communication incidentally endorses our position in a previous comment, that leprosy is among the least communicable of diseases known to be contagious, and frankly admits that the actually demonstrable instances of its communication from one individual to another are extremely few. Not many years ago the Committee of the London College of Physicians, after wide and careful investigation, disallowed its direct contagiousness, although admitting that in some roundabout manner the infection was probably carried from the body of one patient to that of another. Should the mosquito theory of transmission prove to be true, all that will be necessary will be to compel the leper to live in a well-screened house, with doors, windows, and porches protected, and to wear a veil and gloves whenever he goes abroad.

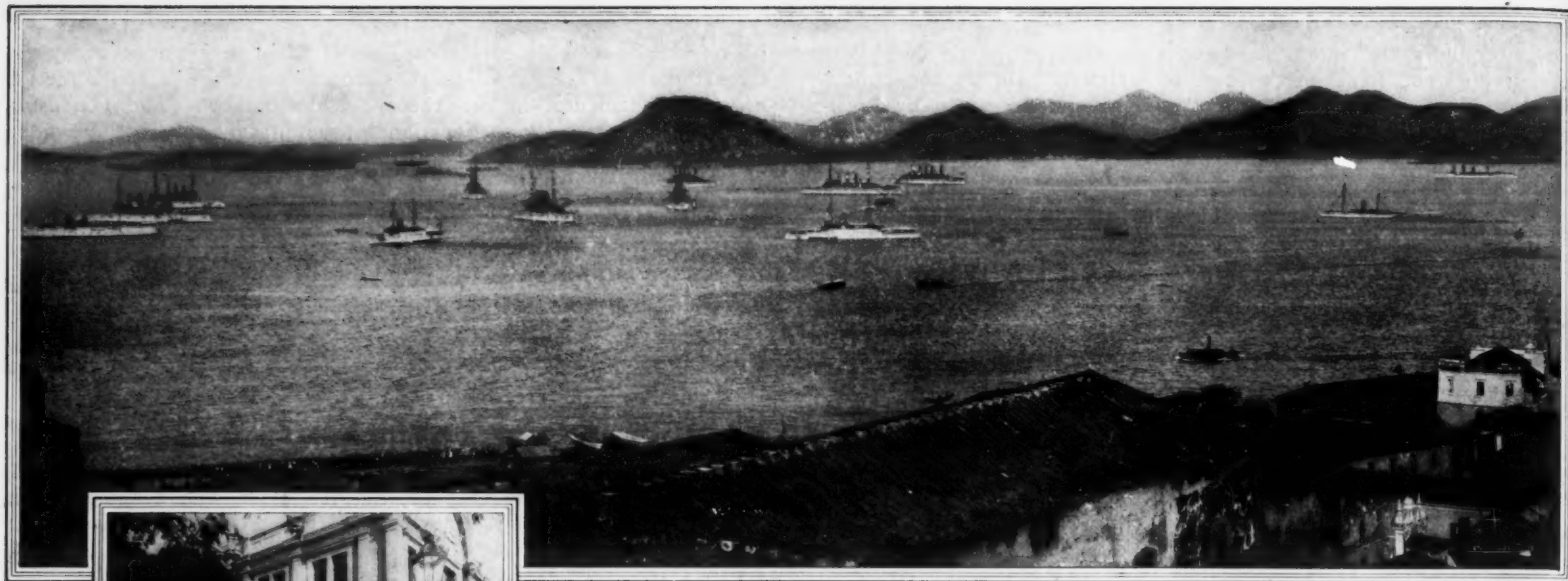
We Celebrate the Hen

FOR HER UTILITY, instinct, and absence of intellect our heart has long throbbed warmly for the hen. Not for her the labyrinthine processes of thought, the uncreative and unproductive efforts of mere analysis. We know no stupider inhabitant of the globe, and none more devoted to her task. Not to finite wisdom does she bend, but to the stern commands which echo back to the laws by which from chaos have been evolved the wonders of all life. Gladly do we celebrate, in type and photograph, the record of the chicken on this page. She appeals to our heart, to our head, to our interest in those vast destinies in which the centuries are but as little moments fleeting in the dark.



AN ABLE CITIZEN

She laid 251 eggs in her first active business year



The four divisions of the American Fleet at anchor in the harbor



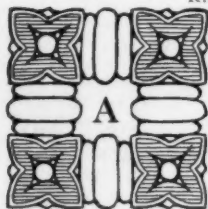
Bureau of Information organized for the benefit of the sailors of the American fleet

The Fleet at

By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's Correspondent on Board the U. S. Battleship
"Connecticut," Flagship of Rear-Admiral Evans

U. S. S. "CONNECTICUT," FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET
RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, January 18



AFTER we had been at sea for two weeks Lieutenant Gherardi was the first to put us in touch with the world. He commands the *Yankton*, the flagship's tender, which had preceded us from Trinidad. On Sunday morning we were skirting the coastal hills which enclose the harbor of Rio when an approaching white speck grew into the well-defined, rakish lines of a yacht, which, in this instance, is a converted one of Spanish war days.

The fleet slowed its engines until it had only headway. All eyes were on the small boat which the *Yankton* lowered and from which Lieutenant Gherardi climbed up the high, white-armored sides of the *Connecticut*. After he had taken his despatches below to the Admiral, he told us that the Thaw case was on trial, Congressmen Williams and De Armond had had a fistic battle in the House of Representatives, a banker had committed suicide on account of Wall Street troubles—all of which had a familiar, home-like sound.

He also said that the Brazilians were preparing to give us a great time, which was the first intimation we had of the wonderland program of red, white, and blue ices, lunches on mountain tops, garden parties, smoking parties, and banquets and balls that was to follow. The Brazilians say that they would have done more for us if our visit had been one to their country instead of a visit in passing. We are curious to know how they could do more, without, however, trying the experiment until we have rested from the present exercises.

It seems a waste of money for Brazil to build a navy. All she need do when a foreign fleet appears is to capture its personnel by hospitality. The people of Rio are pleasantly and not unnaturally conscious of the fact that they have the most beautiful harbor and the most beautiful city in all the Americas.

For us the visit has been a revelation of what a nation which is an offshoot of a little nation on the doorstep of Spain has accomplished. For the Brazilians it was an event enormous and unprecedented. As a sight we were worth coming miles to see, like the Prince of Wales on his visit to New York fifty years ago. Our hosts were not thinking of gun drill and coaling and fire control and organization, which wholly absorb the thought of those aboard. For the masses here was an excuse for a festive occasion of which the official classes would show themselves worthy in all politeness and consideration.

If the South Americans at heart dislike us, they are most gifted in simulating the contrary. Even the newspapers forbore mentioning Mr. Choate. In Brazil he is a living issue. His action at The Hague, which we have already forgotten at home, has given him a permanent fame as the enemy of the Drago doctrine. Brazilians hasten to explain that what they have said about Mr. Choate in no way applies to us as a whole.

They know that he is no true citizen of the great Republic of the North.

The fleet could have returned the entertainments in kind only by transforming the battleships into pavilions for dinners and dancing. Three Brazilian cruisers began the welcome by coming out to sea to meet us. They fell in behind the column of the sixteen battleships in passing through the cleft in the bold, uneven lines of the coastal range which marks the entrance to that unequalled panorama where the scattered parts of the city lie in the lap of the hills stretching upward from the harbor's edge. The population which was not afloat looked on from the shore. There was room for all to see from the broad drives along the beach and from the streets and balconies of the am-

Portuguese which a New York or Chicago paper could reproduce by way of returning the compliment. Fifteen thousand Americans could not wander in a city stranger to them than one in which the language of King Carlos is spoken, and it takes a thousand reis to buy a dab of ice-cream.

Happily there are Americans in Rio; happily we Americans wherever found are a practical people, as our countrymen exemplified in this instance by organizing at the landing quay a bureau of information where Jacky could turn his bright, gold eagles into forty-five thousand reis apiece; where "Seeing Rio Automobiles" were started every hour; where he was shown what street-cars to take for the show places of his choice, and where he might buy picture post-cards and stamps—with tables for writing the addresses on the spot.

While the official world entertained the officers, they were prepared for all kinds of trouble from Jacky. Their expectations were founded on history. There still linger here memories of the old South Atlantic station, when we had the sailor of the old school strong in his pleasures and dislikes as well as his work aloft. He was a savage devil, who fought with his fists, which is the method a Latin does not understand. If three or four thousand of the fleets' crews should get busy with their fists at once, what could the Latins do but use their natural system of defense—the knife—which would result in broken heads for the population, cuts for the crews, and general ill-feeling not promotive of Pan-Americanism?

At Trinidad, where the Governor wrote the Admiral a letter of congratulation, only special first-class men were allowed ashore. Your cynical, habitual, thoughtless, or overdrinking offender was excluded. At Rio, after four weeks of steady grind aboard, a chance to "hit the beach" in the greatest South American city could hardly be denied anybody by one so humane as Admiral Evans.

It was the manner in which the Admiral granted liberty that did the trick. Strict disciplinarian that he is, he is nevertheless popular with the men. If they work hard they may play; and if they misbehave it is they who have to suffer the consequences. The men who show themselves unworthy of liberty by their conduct at Rio will get no liberty at Callao, where after that run through the Straits every one will want to feel land under his feet again. They knew, too, that general excesses would mean no liberty at all at Callao. This left the matter in their hands. They became literally sponsors for their own good conduct. But a small percentage are in any way vicious even when they are in their cups. The majority took the minority in hand. When there was one little incident where fists were used, the leaders in the affair found themselves anything but heroes.

"You're a nice lot," they were told; "you've fixed liberty for us all right, now, you fools"—for they knew the metal of the Admiral. Besides, what is the use of "putting it over" a whole platoon of police with your fists if you get no credit for it?

Considering that the language is Portuguese, and



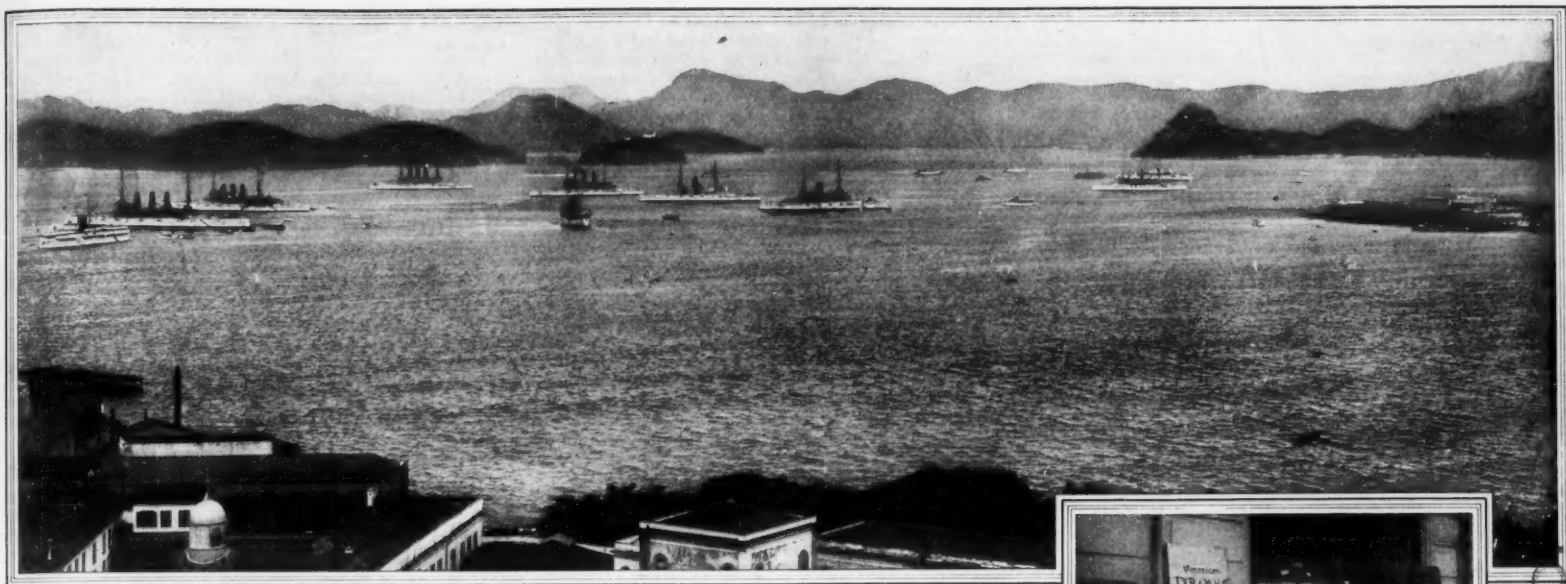
American liberty men coming ashore at Rio

phitheatrical tiers of dwelling-houses and pleasure resorts.

The whistles of all the water craft shrieked their greetings. A German cruiser was not wanting among those present. One never is when anything of importance happens. She joined her salutes to the salutes of the harbor guns and the guns of the Brazilian men-of-war. In column of divisions we came to anchor in the place of honor selected for us. Empty bunkers had lifted the dark lines of the armor belts well out of water. Some smokestacks were slightly peeled. After masts were black from smoke. An occasional streak showed on the white hulls, where rust or dirt is so easily detected. That was the sum of the damage. A third of the long voyage was over without accident or error or any untoward event, except one.

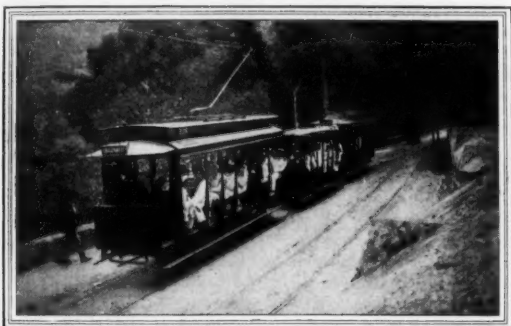
After he had brought the North Atlantic fleet so far from home, Admiral Evans had the ill-luck to have an attack of rheumatism in his old wound, and the honors were done by the staff and Admirals Thomas, Emory, and Sperry. But the mind that manages the fleet was clear as ever, though the leg, needful for social functions, was out of commission.

And Rio was to be our playground for ten days. The local papers printed several columns in English in our honor. It was good English—much better than the



of Rio de Janeiro, with Brazilian and other foreign warships

Rio de Janeiro



American bluejackets on a trolley ride

that to one used to an Irish brogue "on the beat" the Brazilian policeman seems small and overdressed (and perfectly stupid, owing to his ignorance of English), Jacky kept his temper well. Besides the language, consider the milreis. They are the last straw to break the camel's back of Northern patience. When Jacky saw a thing he wanted to buy, the only means of communication he had was this strange collection of bills and nickel coins. So if he were wise he laid his hand on the object, which was usually the fruit that his sea appetite craved, as an indication of his desires, and then he proffered one of the coins which he thought was worth the least. Utter surprise equal to Rockefeller's, if he were offered five cents for the Standard Oil Company's plant in return. Another coin. Greater amazement from both parties with growing sternness on the part of Jacky.

"Say, do you think I brought a drayful of reis with me?" a man from the *Misouri* asked. "I've only two pockets, and they're cram-jam full of one month's wages."

He had paid two thousand reis, which is equal to sixty cents of our money, for a pineapple, and I think he was justified in an ultimatum closing the negotiations in these words: "Think it over and count it over and talk it over with the good wife, old man, and you'll find nobody's done you."

He was just as justified as the jacky who bullied a petty shopkeeper—and shopkeepers are the same the world over—into accepting less than his due was unjustified. When the average Brazilian vender found that Jacky's idea of an argument was not to punch the head of the merchant and rough-house the shop, his Latin politeness and consideration came to the fore and he did overcharge not very excessively, though to us it might look so. The milreis decimals are an abysmal pit. Prices are extravagantly high in this rich, extravagant, proud, and high-living land. I am going home to ride in cabs in New York because they are relatively so cheap. As for London or Paris, after Rio, I would feel like keeping two by the day.

Jacky paid the price and got what he wanted. I saw two men from the *Rhode Island* taking a horseback ride through the broad new Avenida Central—Rio's Fifth Avenue—as lordly as Pittsburg steel men with their new landaus, footmen, and coachmen, and I wondered how—not knowing the language—they had come by this wonder in a tropical land when riding is out of season. They were from the West, it seems, and they

wanted to try the native "cayuses." That was their one idea, ever talked of in off hours, in the hours when kindred spirits of the forecandle find kindred spirits. Price was no matter, if it did not exceed the actual sum due them from Uncle Sam. That all-round department store of a bureau of information did the rest, and those interested had their money's worth of the one day ashore.

Which is not saying that all jackies are extravagant. There are men who send their wages home to parents or to wife, there are studious, quarrelsome, self-denying, and vicious and petulant as well as manly and straightforward men, and sarsaparilla and "something stronger" jackies. The jacky with Milwaukee tastes was in hardest luck when he called for a certain name which made Milwaukee famous, and he got instead "bilz," a sweetish non-alcoholic drink of local manufacture. The "English spoken" did not always go as far as the conjugations, and it did not help Jacky in the matter of understanding the wisdom of "counting so many when there was no piece of less than a hundred reis." Then, to write twenty-nine thousand milreis like this—29,000—that was enough to confuse a college professor or an ordnance sharp who calibrates the guns.



Sailors riding horseback down the Avenida Central in Rio

Be it the Admiral's method or the common sense of the enlisted men, up to the time of writing the conduct of the liberty parties has been such as to make Rio de Janeiro feel that "rough-housing the town" belongs to another régime of the American sailor. I doubt if the O. S., or ordinary seamen, did not have a better time than the commissioned officer in his circumscribed sphere. The O. S., if he did not spend the day hanging over a glass of "bilz," might explore the wonders of the city at will and brew a tale of what another republic was doing to carry home—a tale which will never rust for the telling as long as it is a human duty for different parts of the world to get better acquainted with one another.

Our officers went ashore with the Cook's guide of official entertainment. "Liberty" meant a function, liberal European, carefully managed. Functions happened ashore with the frequency of General Quarters aboard.

When it came to sending a certain number of officers from each wardroom they had to be detailed by order on many occasions. Not that they did not want to go. But this one and that one had the excuse of work unperfected and the need of putting in any idle moments "on the job." When I saw a certain ordnance officer of another ship aboard the flagship and I asked him



American marines and Brazilians fraternizing in the open-air cafés

how he liked the "beach" he dismissed the "beach" as if it were as unmodern as Roman history and said he had just been seeing the fleet ordnance officer about a plan of his for increasing the rapidity of fire of the eight-inchers, and he knew he was right and he would prove he was right if they would give him a chance.

Mr. So and So and Mr. So and So and Mr. So and So will go to the garden party to-night! orders the "exec" at the head of the wardroom table. Yes, sir. They go and leave that work behind—all quietly, quietly. For it is an ominously quiet institution, is the navy. There is one staff member not on the social side of the work who has not been ashore at all, though he has never seen Rio. He is too busy with the affairs of the fleet to go. From each function the officers return with another tale of the good time they had and excuses for staying so late. Officers who were here ten or fifteen years ago and thought of Rio as a city of crooked and dirty streets, steaming in the harbor basin, find a transformation scarcely credible. It is no new story, this, of a city born again, of the yellow fever overcome, of fifty millions spent in improvements, of a great avenue cut through the heart of the city, of sea-walls and sea-drives and harbor works, accomplished under the new spirit of the settled republic which has finally succeeded to the old empire. The opportunities of the site that was a pest hole are realized in a harmonious whole, according to the artistic taste of the land. The Brazilians have always been proud of their hills and their harbor; they are now proud of the way in which they have made the works of man worthy of their setting.

They are proud and, yes, they are light-hearted, from peasant to Cardinal Archbishop and President. But they love not the Argentines any more than the Argentines love them. It was nuts to the dessert for them that the fleet sought Rio for coal- ing and passed by Argentina, which has no fine natural harbor. All Brazilians are politicians. A cab driver talked a stream about high politics to me in Portuguese, out of which I managed to gather that there were two great republics on this hemisphere—one in the South and one in the North. As for Argentina she was an upstart which would be put in her proper place some day.

From Maine to Texas we may be Americans, but here we are the United States of North America. This way they address their letters; this way they speak of us in their polite official speeches. Titularly they are right. We are not all America by long odds, as we have found out after three weeks' steaming with the Straits still more than two thousand miles distant. Brazil is building a new navy. She awaits the completion of three twelve 12-inch gun battleships, the largest in the world. In present want of modern ships to show us she had the city and she had Petropolis, its mountain resort. With your shirt sticking to your back from perspiration on the lower levels you are supposed to put on an overcoat half-way up on the English railway, which bears you toilsomely to the summit, where foreigners once went to escape the yellow fever and the rich of Rio now go for the summer months. Here are the Legations. Now that Rio is healthy, they are asked—which is another indication of Brazil's new

PROPERTY OF THE MICHIGAN UNION

spirit—to move away from this residential village, which is like a leaf out of an old Portugal transferred to the tropics. To Petropolis all the world went for the Ambassador's garden party, where we sat in duck on the lawn in January eating many-colored ices; the Admirals and Captains went to the Ambassador's dinner and to be presented to the President of the republic; the Admirals to a Presidential dinner, and the officers to a ball. In every instance there was a special train. No detail you would have expected in a European capital was lacking. After the way they were rushed back and forth between Petropolis and Rio there are some members of the Admirals' staffs who know how Prince Henry felt when we tried to show him all the United States in a few days.

At Rio the Brazilian navy said to our navy: "In want of ships we have Corcovado Mountain and we have the Botanical Gardens, which we want you to see in our company. Our navy went. It came back tired, but marveling how any people could do so much entertaining with such perfect good-humor with the thermometer at ninety in the shade. Nearly a thousand feet above the sea lunch was served, while the big sixteen seemed but oblong points in the harbor. Afterward the Brazilian navy took our navy to the top where the view is such as to make any Brazilian feel as proud as the gods of high Olympus when they looked out on the Thessalian plain. On another afternoon there was a fête in that exotic wonderland which the artist may create without the help of glass in the tropics. The Americans ashore gave a smoking concert. They played baseball against the fleet teams. A mass for the Catholics aboard was held ashore by direction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro. There were many private dinners, and finally the greatest dinner of all in the new Monroe palace. Is it any wonder that officers for the big functions had to be detailed? Is it any wonder that, with all their work and with all the recreation which this hospitable people made so inviting, the wardroom and the midshipmen's messes are dog tired?

For the fleet Rio de Janeiro will remain a series of visions half suffused by the heat waves of midsummer visions—tropical, delightful, educational—all too fleeting for thorough comprehension.

Why should Rio be so clean? And so forward with its civic centre? And why should Brazil build her battleships abroad, and why have to depend on English officers to bring them to port? There is much perhaps that we might learn from the Brazilians, and much perhaps that they might learn from us for the sake of Pan-Americanism, Mr. Root's ideal.

We have visions of an "openwork" city, as it were, where the population scatters for the space which heat in a breezeless basin demands; of high-ceilinged old Spanish-Portuguese rooms with bare floors and sheer plaster walls, and cool courts inviting you out of the sun or out of the tropical showers when the drops come with the thr-r of the fire of an infantry regiment; of a land without radiator or furnace troubles and no flats, of small shops, with open doors (practically no department stores) greeting the customer not in Oriental sloth or filth, but with bright and gay signs and shiny showcases and all the Rue de Rivoli affords, and the extravagance of a people who draw their wealth from one of the earth's garden spots and take their manufactured goods mostly by import; of café proprietors who set out their tables on pavements of tile with ornamental figures and serve many simple drinks—simple and sweet—though they are brightly colored like the ties the men wear and the buildings public and private of that Moorish effect which Portugal and Spain got from Africa. No, Rio de Janeiro is not in New England, Pennsylvania, or Iowa. The traffic of this port is not up and down the Atlantic, but across.

We have visions of belles and matrons at many functions, dressed in the latest from Paris, and yet not Parisian in the way they wear their habits any more than Englishwomen, but having that dignity and exclusiveness of old Portugal; of a world which is American and which is not ours, but which we would like to know better.

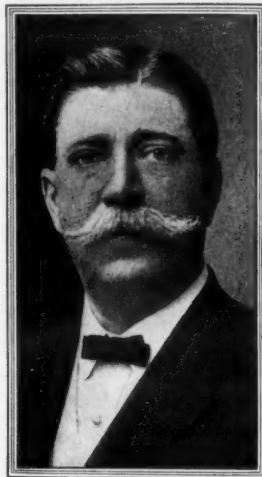
And what has this to do with the mighty sixteen? They are coaling; they are keeping up the grind of the day's work with which pleasure must not interfere.

We have visions of a gay city solaced by balmy airs, loving intrinsically the beautiful, where the ocean drives lead to gay restaurants and to gambling palaces, which are not bothered by the police, but as

open and as public as a railroad station ticket office at home.

And what has that to do with the torpedo flotilla, which arrived to-day, two days late, after enough trouble to have kept the six destroyers back until next year? No solid sixteen thousand tons is theirs to make rough seas but passing mountains. They dance with every wave. The sun beats down on paltry awnings and beats back familiarly from the water, whose spray covers the little craft from stem to stern. No ice-plant or blowers or noble company for them. Plain common every-day roughing it. But keep cheerful! The worst is yet to come—and if we are only lieutenants we have commands of our own, and some day we'll make up for all the lost sleep which the heat would not let us have in bunks that jumped like milk-shakers.

Yes, the Admiral's whole family is here. Coaling is all but finished. The battleships which came in with broad spaces of armor belt showing, thanks to empty bunkers, are now low in the water. They could start to-morrow evening if it were required. Wherefore the Chief of Staff, head stoker, carrying tonnages and collier's capacity and time required for unloading in his head, smiles and finds his cigar pleasant. He has delivered the goods to Washington—that distant almighty Washington. But we are not going to-morrow ahead of the program. We are to have a reception and to illuminate the fleet, to show this hospitable people that busy as we are with the day's work we are not unmindful or ungrateful. Of course, we can not do fêtes as well as the Rio de Janeiro. There we are a little exotic. We lack facility. And possibly a people which get their steam heat from the sun and pick bananas in their gardens are a little exotic when it comes to such a concentration of temperate-zone energy as this fleet represents.



Tom Anderson, a leader in the Louisiana Legislature and proprietor of the "Arlington Annex," the chief saloon in the New Orleans "Tenderloin" district. From this saloon the "Blue Book" is retailed

The American Saloon

By WILL IRWIN

This is the first of a series of articles which will tell the history of the anti-saloon movement throughout the United States during the last few years, culminating during the present winter. They will include a minute analysis of the saloon as an institution and the forces enlisted against it. The author of the articles has spent many months in various Southern and Western States while the anti-saloon campaigns were in progress, and he will tell in detail the stories of those fights

I—The City Saloon and Vicious Politics

IN the past two years, and especially in the year 1907, the country has awakened to realize that we have a "Prohibition Wave." Not until Georgia and Alabama had gone "dry" and prohibition had become the main issue in the tangled politics of Kentucky did the public in general perceive it. Now, at the beginning of the year 1908, nearly one-half the area of the United States is dry; and more than one-third of our people are living under prohibitory laws. The movement has gone further and faster in the South than anywhere else; but it is unfelt only in the Rocky Mountain region and in the Central States of the Atlantic Coast. Georgia is dry; Alabama has passed a prohibitory law; Mississippi has followed just as this article goes to press. In Tennessee one can buy liquor in but three small districts. Kentucky has only four wholly "wet" counties; Florida only a fringe along the seacoasts; Texas is more than half dry; Missouri and Arkansas, community by community, are falling into line; the election of January 14 in Shreveport finished the "manufacture and sale" in all the northern half of Louisiana; it is highly probable that within two years one or both of the Carolinas will vote for State-wide prohibition. Starting from the seaboard at Georgia, one can travel now to the borders of Colorado or New Mexico and cross in passage only one narrow strip of wet territory—the delta counties of Mississippi. Even these will be dry by next January.

The movement has been only a little less strong in the North. Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota are wholly dry; but they came in on earlier movements. More recently, great areas of Illinois and Indiana have come under prohibitory law. Ohio, which has already gone dry in many spots through ward and township local option, seems on the point of passing a county local-option law. Nearly one-half the area of Chicago is under ward prohibition laws. And even where the



A demonstration of women and children sympathizers with the fight for prohibition made recently at Bowling Green, Kentucky. The parade was held on the eve of the local-option election, when the town fell into line with practically all of the small municipalities and went "dry"

movement for absolute prohibition has had no effect, cities and towns are showing a more earnest disposition to enforce the old and half-forgotten laws for regulation of the liquor traffic.

Why is it? What has been working in our people to create this sudden revolution of moral feeling and political opinion? It is the purpose of this series to answer that question—in so far as it is possible to speak with any authority on a problem which goes down, as this one does, to the basic principles of the social structure and to the roots of human nature.

BEFORE we begin, let us brush aside certain considerations which cloud the main issue. This habit of taking a drug which gives a temporary stimulus to all the powers of men and which, being a drug, carries its own form of slavery and degradation, is almost as old as society. The remotest traditions of the world (vide Genesis, 9:20), and especially the North European nations, represent men as drinking—and getting drunk. It were better, probably, that alcoholic stimulants had never been discovered; but men, and especially Anglo-Saxon and Celtic men, have taken the drug so long that its use is intertwined with nearly every institution, good and bad, in our modern life.

and to tell the news. The causes first; and before the deeper and final causes, let me take up those reasonable arguments by which prohibition politicians have won their elections. How has it gone in the South?

The North has generally and superficially assumed that the drunken negro has brought about this prohibition wave. Although hardly a main cause, the economic and social corruption of the black people by their Southern saloons has at least been a picturesque and compelling argument. The Southern white still regards the negroes as his subject people; dear if they keep their place; to be chastised if they do not. Economically, the agricultural regions of the South are still mainly dependent upon negro labor. The low negro saloon, which has gone on degenerating year by year, is a great cause of idleness and inefficiency. Ten years ago, when the Committee of Fifty made its admirable study of the saloon in its relation to economics, the results showed pretty clearly that the negroes were everywhere far more temperate than the whites. But corruption has gone fast in this decade. By old custom the negro plantation hands and the small independent farmers on leased lands never work Saturdays. That is "store day," when they pile into the towns to trade—and to drink. The cheap saloons, with inducements

That the elimination of this drug habit by education, by the accommodation of custom, would be for the ultimate good of the human race, is almost a truism. Yet to me it seems impossible that any one should say, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, whether the attempt at sudden and complete suppression of the habit by law would result in good or in evil. Prohibition—even in the face of a fifty-year-old experiment in Maine—is still largely an experiment. So I shall take sides neither for nor against prohibition as a political theory. It is for me only to find the causes of this remarkably strong and steady movement,

in the way of women, gambling, and worse, gather them in, strip them of their tiny earnings, and bring many of them over to Monday morning in the aftermath of a debauch. In those plantation regions where the saloons are running unchecked it is Tuesday or Wednesday before all the hands are settled down to work again. It is even worse for the negro lessees. They spend in these debauches the money that should go for tools, for seeds, for payment on their leases; and this reacts in loss upon the lords of the land. It is highly probable that any body of whites as poor and improvident as these plantation negroes would drink more than they do; but the South is characteristically impatient with any form of negro vice.

Then, too, that crime of the negro which is the sensational feature of the Southern race struggle is encouraged and intensified by liquor and by the drugs which the negro gets in his low boozing-kens. To it the negro dives directly pander. However much to blame the whites were for the Atlanta race riots of 1906, the way of liquor with the negroes had a great deal to do with it. A little of this kind of thing goes a long way in forming Southern opinion.

Then comes a purely economic consideration. Large parts of the South are working to take from the North Atlantic region its old supremacy in manufacturing. It is a vital struggle for industrial rehabilitation after the depression of "reconstruction." Wherever, as in factory towns, there are many laborers, alcohol tends to play havoc with steady industry. The factory owners and business men of any manufacturing community, North or South, are usually against the saloon. At its best a luxury, and the most wasteful of all luxuries, it can most easily be dispensed with in a community which is in the stage of industrial struggle. No point of the prohibition argument seems to be better taken than this. In the South, and under the new prohibition régime, the dry communities have usually grown and prospered after the first strain of adjustment; the others have tended to stand still. I am aware that this has not been the general rule in the older prohibition territory of the North; but it has been true in the South.

The Moral Argument

THE straight moral argument must not be overlooked. The South is the most intensely American part of this country. In blood, feeling, and institutions it is the relic of the old America before the war. It has the old-time American religion—very largely Protestant Evangelical—little touched by later ideals. "The South," said a professor in a Georgia theological seminary—"the South has had many troubles, but, thank God, evolution and the higher criticism are not among them!" The Protestant Evangelical churches all look with unfavorable eyes upon "strong drink," and the less they are touched by the Protestant form of Modernism the less complaisant they are. The Methodist Episcopal Church carries a total-abstinence clause in its discipline book. The Baptists, without stating the thing so formally, usually favor abstinence; the Presbyterians lean decidedly to that opinion. Mississippi, in blood the most American State of the Union, has gone over to prohibition almost from this cause alone. "A new Puritanism in the South," some one has called it. As I shall try to show later, this is not a new Puritanism at all; it is the same old feeling, now turned into a force by a new political system.

Eliminate the question of the drunken negro and the causes at the North are about the same. Probably the moral and religious appeal has had less force in those Middle-Western communities which have gone dry, and the economic argument vastly greater force. Experience has shown that prohibition tends to raise real-estate values in suburban residence communities. Family men, whatever their own practise in the matter, like to bring up their families apart from saloon influences. So it happens that no large city of this country is without its prohibition districts or suburbs. New York has its New Jersey towns, Chicago its Hyde Park district, San Francisco its Palo Alto and Berkeley, Boston its Cambridge and Brookline. Manufacturing districts have gone dry through the belief of employers and business men that the suppression of liquor means increase of output.

Lastly, there is a greater and more remote cause in both North and South which comes nearer the heart of the matter. Everywhere the saloons have disobeyed in the most flagrant fashion all rules made for their government and regulation; and when put under pressure to reform they have fought back through their characteristic American alliance with bad politics. So insolent has been the attitude not only of the saloon-keepers but also of the brewers, distillers, and wholesale liquor men, that many communities have gone dry simply because of

the disgust which this attitude has bred in good citizens. Men who do not object to the moderate use of liquor, men who use it themselves, have held the balance of power in these prohibition elections; the result shows how they have voted. South and North, such men returned me the same stereotyped answer. "I do not object to moderate drinking. I drink myself. But I would rather go without it than stand for the saloons as they have been running things in this town."

This brings the question down to that basic cause which is behind the corrupted negro, behind the pernicious effect of the traffic on industry, unconsciously behind much of the purely moral objection. The American saloon, always a peculiarly faulty and vicious system of distribution, has fallen of late into such evil ways that our civilization is sick with it. Socially and politically, it has become a nuisance. In these days of forced reform from within, even the "larger interests" of the liquor traffic partially admit this. When the Model License League, a back-fire reform started by the Kentucky distillers, held its convention in Louisville last January, the speakers talked of little else than the "reform of retail abuses." The brewers of Ohio, of Texas, of Illinois, have admitted that the "low dive" should be eliminated, and are scratching such places from their lists. And one can not study the prohibition communities, North and South, without realizing that this reform is aimed not so much at the consumption of alcohol as at the saloon.

As an institution, the American saloon was born

of bad stock. It is the legitimate descendant of the English bar, the most vicious form of distribution in Europe. The drinking places of the Continent existed primarily for sociability, and only secondarily for the consumption of liquor. The English bar, as distinguished from the tavern, existed primarily that men might drink. Further, it did its very worst to spread the use of distilled spirits, the intoxicating essence of those beverages in which men took alcohol until two centuries ago. Our saloon grew up and developed on the old frontier. Although it was a centre for the crime and evil living which marked the limit of our Western advance, it had its uses. With the big vices of the frontier went its big heroisms, and probably it needed some strong form of stimulant to nerve men for those daring ventures of life and fortune by which we conquered a continent. But after the border had passed on, the saloon remained, a survival of frontier disorder after frontier heroism was gone.

It came in time to exist solely that men might drink perpendicularly, might pour down liquor and yet more liquor. Although it had everywhere its virtues on the social side, although the "poor man's club" had its sociological value, the drink was the main thing. In regions untouched by the humanizing influence of later Continental immigrants, the very furnishing of an American saloon proves its purpose. Unless it runs gambling games or is a resort for prostitutes, it has hardly ever any place to sit down. One is expected to buy a drink, standing; to pour it down. If he wants to remain, he is expected to buy another or to have another bought for him on the vicious "treating" system. No better device was ever found for making habitual drunkards out of occasional drinkers. American men came to drink without sense or grace, rime or reason.

Every schoolboy knows that we spend more for alcoholic liquors than for bread and meat.

Of course this institution, as it drifted closer to absolute vice, gathered allied vices about it. The American saloon, unless checked by laws steadily

backed by vigilance on the part of good citizens, tended always to rapid degeneration.

Out of this condition of affairs came the teetotal movement, aimed at that drinking habit in which Americans have gone so fast and so far; and, just before the Civil War, the first prohibition movement, of which the Maine law is the only relic.

That prohibition wave of the fifties, cut short by the Civil War, crystallized in the American saloon one tendency which did still more to degrade it. In order to beat the regulations made for their curbing, and in order to defeat the attempts at prohibitory laws, the saloon men and the "liquor interests" in general allied themselves with bad municipal politics. There followed that tight union between the powers that rule and the powers that prey which ran nearly every American city before the reform movements of the past ten years.

It is worth while to stop and analyze that alliance. The part of government which comes nearest to the individual citizen, the one which really most concerns him, is the police function. It is usually within police power to enforce or to neglect the enforcement of any law for the regulation of dissipation or of vice. At first the saloons found a way to control the police directly by "inducements." But the system grew; it paid better, it worked better in every way, to control the politicians who had the appointive power over the police. To these politicians the saloon had great inducements to offer. To begin with, it had become, as I have said, in a sense "the poor man's club"; and the

working man is the backbone of the primary election system—for it is at the primaries, not at the general election, that the gang usually does its work. The saloon-keeper must be a "good fellow"; he had always a personal following. It was a neighborhood gathering place; a convenient political unit. So the saloon-keeper, for value received in the way of "protection" and favorable legislation, worked to deliver votes, to bring the ward heeler close to his tools. With this gradual degradation of both politics and retail liquor traffic, the saloons went one stage further. They became headquarters for the "repeating" system, for ballot-box stuffing, for all the downright iniquities by which the gang, when pressed to it, maintained its control. Further than this, the saloon-keepers furnished forth, still furnish forth, most of the sinews of war. Not always directly, it is true, although in many towns and cities the collection is made directly before every primary or general election, but by various tricks and devices which run with the complexities of the system. Tammany Hall, for example, maintains its grip in New York, upholds that system of police graft which no Police Commissioner has yet been strong enough to break, and protects the army of small grafters which flourishes in its shadow, by filings from the nickels and dimes and quarters which go over the bars of New York for drinks.

It is probable that this system became, in the end, more of a burden than a help to the saloon-keeper. In many communities it became blackmail. Over the head of the saloon-keeper hung always the fear that the gang, if he refused to come down, would revoke his license. That is the whip to keep the saloon-keeper in line; having the police power, which holds the saloon license privilege in the hollow of its hand, the politicians can and do put out of business any man who squirms.

So the politician is the deep sea on one side of the retail liquor dealer; and driving him on the other side is the devil in the shape of the brewery. This is the paradox of the whole situation; that the branch of liquor manufacture which produces the lighter and less intoxicating form should be the main agent in degrading the business.

The Question Goes Home to the Brewer

THE distiller manufactures a concentrated product which bears long keeping. The brewer's goods are bulky and comparatively perishable. In a general way, long hauls are poor business for him. He must work through a limited radius and keep close touch with his customers. With the coming of the Germanic tide of immigration, this business became important and competition became intense. Let us be fair to the brewers; their lighter and less intoxicating product steadily reduced the per capita consumption of the heavy alcoholic beverages. But with increased competition the brewers had to find some way to stimulate production; and not long after the Civil War they began the system of backing saloons—setting them up in business. There is no room here to follow up the system historically; it is enough to say that a saloon man of fair ability and some experience needs no money to start a business



THE MARGARET LEAR ARGUMENT

This banner, used most effectively in the January local option election in Shreveport, recalled the case of a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl who was assaulted and shot in broad daylight in the city limits by a drunken negro. Margaret Lear's sister was an effective worker in the campaign

No. of Ballot Stub	Name	No. of Ballot Stub	Name
1	Drewry	106	Ullrich
2	Appleton	107	Warren
3	Ackerman	108	Wenzelson
4	Austin	109	Waters
5	Bell	110	Waters
6	Bouche	111	Warner
7	Bronk	112	Weatherton
8	Baker	113	Wartman
9	Burge	114	Wiley
10	Brown	115	Woenner
11	Batchelor	116	Wetson
12	Clark	117	Yates
13	Clemmons	118	Zusatz

Alphabetical voting. An incident of the saloon-managed election in Louisville. These names and figures are taken from the official stub-book of one precinct. They would show, if the election were honest, that by some rare miracle of chance 117 voters appeared at the polls and voted in strict alphabetical order, first the A's, then the B's, then the C's; finally U, W, Y, and Z. As a matter-of-fact, Drewry, the Assistant Wharfmaster of Louisville, and machine leader of the precinct, who controlled the election, really voted the first and only honest ballot in this list. Then the ballot-box was stuffed with 117 ballots, the names of the voters, as recorded on the poll-list, being copied in the ballot stub-book in strict alphabetical order. By such barefaced thefts a majority of over 4,000 was returned for the machine. The Supreme Court of Kentucky, however, overthrew the election

nowadays. It is only a matter of getting the license. Some brewery will find him a location, furnish all his bar fixtures, pay an advance on the license money and the rent, get his bondsmen, find him credit with the whisky dealers. In return for these accommodations, he gives either a mortgage or promissory notes or both, and promises to sell the beer of his backers exclusively. Probably half of the saloons in the United States are now run and owned on this system; perhaps the proportion is greater. In Chicago, a few years ago, when a temporary law required all business establishments to declare their real ownership once a year, five thousand saloon-keepers out of eight thousand called themselves "lessees" of various breweries. At least two-thirds of the saloons in Louisville are controlled by the breweries—and Louisville is the heart of the distilling territory. Well-informed men say that eighty-five per cent of the saloons in Greater New York were opened on this system. It is the very backbone of the saloon business in the United States.

The Retailer's Dilemma

NATURALLY (they being American business men) the brewers have worked this system for all that they are worth; naturally, they have stuffed every community where they have control to the very limit of returns. And this makes it especially hard for the average retail saloon-keeper to keep ahead of the notes and the mortgages. If he is a man of ingenuity and great personality, he may extend his trade and get enough custom to beat the game by means which may be called legitimate, and which are within the letter of the law. But for the mediocre, with his business always on the verge of failure, there comes ever the temptation to stave off ruin by stretching or breaking the law. He opens rooms for women in the rear of his place; he puts in beds upstairs; he sells himself fully and wholly to the corrupt politicians; he offers inducements to thieves and "peter workers"; with the help of the police he violates closing laws. So he keeps ahead of his notes and mortgages, and the brewery, which holds him to his early promise to sell its beer alone, flourishes wonderfully.

So the brewery also came into politics; and when the reformer, disgusted either with the political control of the saloon in his community or with its persistent violation of regulations, started in to see what he could do about it, he found himself balked by a triple alliance—the saloon-keeper, with his natural following, the small politician with his craft and his knowledge of the game, and the brewery with its money and influence. Further back was often the distiller and the wholesale liquor dealer, keeping their hands off the fight, but furnishing the sinews of war.

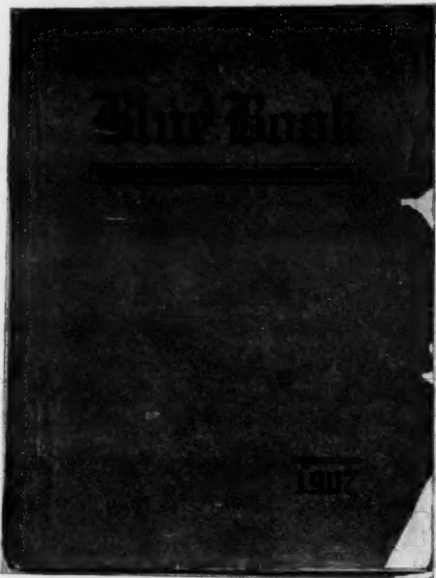
The defiant attitude of these allied interests has had its bearing on the question. Until brought face to face with the danger of prohibition, they have usually laughed to scorn all appeals and all efforts to curb them. The vaunted reforms from within the liquor business, of which the country is hearing more or less in these days of peril, followed only upon the greater prohibition movement; such a thing was unheard of before. One must not blame the liquor men unduly; they follow only the law of their kind, the American business men. What rebating railroad but laughed at the law until the courts had closed on it? What municipal service corporation but scorned the reformers? But this particular contempt of control, related as it was to a moral and sentimental issue, was especially irritating. This is the factor which has brought prohibition in community after community of the South.

Let me clinch these generalizations by two or three examples:

Tom Anderson, the "Hon." Tom Anderson, owns a string of highly prosperous saloons in New Orleans. His largest and most profitable establishment is the "Arlington Annex," at Basin and Customhouse Streets—one corner of the restricted district where flourishes that wide-open prostitution peculiar to New Orleans. Down one street from this saloon runs a row of gaudy houses of prostitution; down the other two blocks of those little apartments known in the South

and West as "cribs." He who visits the Tenderloin in New Orleans usually begins at the "Arlington Annex." Everything suggests this saloon as the Town Hall in that city of shame, but one activity of Tom Anderson's place suggests it most of all. For twenty-five cents the bartender will sell to any and all comers a pamphlet, called simply the "Blue Book," which is a directory of the prostitutes and houses of prostitution in New Orleans. The directory, plain and formal, runs down the right-hand pages; on the left-hand pages are advertisements. The first twenty-five advertising pages set forth the virtues of Anheuser-Busch Beer, I. W. Harper Rye Whiskey, and other liquors. For the rest of the way the advertisements are formal "write-ups" of certain women in the quarter. In this mute book the saloon and vice proclaim their naked partnership.

Among these, one notices in especial the attention paid to a place called "The Arlington," or "Miss Arlington's," which is honored not only with several "reading notices," but with half-tone photographic views. There appears to be some connection closer than a mere name between the "Arlington Annex" and the



BIENVILLE STREET—Continued

MONUS, LOUISE, c.	1410
Carter, Lizzie, c.	1410
MANTREL, JOSIE, w.	1410 1/2
JONES, ELLA, c.	1412
Williams, Anna, c.	1412
DAVIS, EMMA, w.	1416
DUMAS, JANE, c.	1420
Lewis, Marie, c.	1420
NORIA, JULIA, w.	1422
Dupre, Amelia, w.	1422
WILSON, LAURETTA, c.	1424
Lewth, Mabel, c.	1426
Foley, Minnie, c.	1426
PHILLIPS, JESSIE, w.	1408
Lee, Martha, c.	1407
COLLINS, ALMA, c.	1411
Sager, Maggie, c.	1411
Morris, Stella, c.	1411
KERN, MOLLIE, w.	1413
Miller, Mary, w.	1413
Clark, May, w.	1413
BERRY, ERNESTINE, c.	1419
Maid, Alice, c.	1419
THOMAS, PATSY, c.	1423
Chapman, Lulu, c.	1423

THE "Blue Book," of which the cover and one typical page are here reproduced, is a directory of the houses of prostitution, both white and colored, in New Orleans. It is retailed from Tom Anderson's saloon. Anderson is the political boss of the New Orleans "red light" district. He will probably be re-elected in April as a powerful member of the Louisiana Legislature, where he is a member of the important Ways and Means Committee, and of the Committee on Affairs of the City of New Orleans. His record in the Legislature is said to be straight

And the "Hon." Tom Anderson represents in the Louisiana State Legislature a large and important district of New Orleans—has represented it for two terms—was nominated at the primaries last month for a third term, and will, by every probability, be elected in April. He is a member of the Ways and Means Committee and the Committee on the Affairs of the City of New Orleans—two of the most important in the Legislature. Mr. Anderson belongs to the liberal wing of the State Legislature; he does not believe in sumptuary laws; he thinks that it degrades the citizen to take away from him the privilege of choosing for himself between right and wrong.

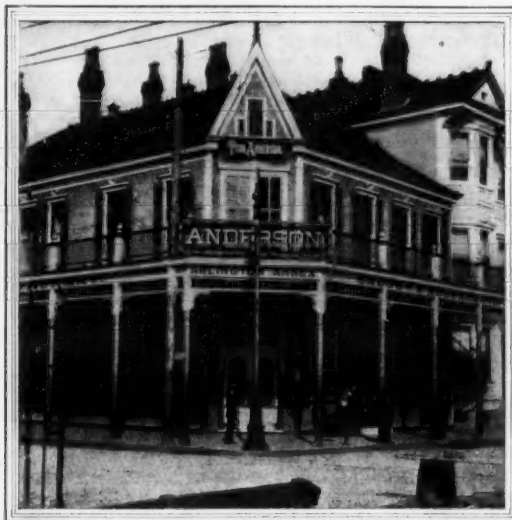
Briefly, here is the reason for Tom Anderson: With a little break here and there, New Orleans has been in the grip of a ring. No large city in the United States gets such poor returns for the public money expended as New Orleans. It is ill-paved, ill-policed, behind in municipal improvements; the public money

is needed for a thousand and one sinecure jobs. By the same token, no other city of the country runs vice of every kind so wide open. Tom Anderson has been a great help. Highly prosperous himself, he has not failed to divide up with the power which enabled him to be prosperous; and he has helped to make the saloon-keepers, the gamblers, and the brothel-keepers generous. It was his whim to go to the Legislature; and a grateful people, recognizing his services, rewarded him.

Just consider him a moment as a phenomenon in modern American life. Because he represents the lowest, he is honored among you; because he is a convenient go-between, attending to your necessary relations with vice, you have clothed him in garments of power; because he has spent his life in a business which fosters vice, harbors crime, weakens your coming generation, you assign to him the public duty of levying taxes, regulating corporations, protecting the weak from the strong, leading the commonwealth in all good causes. And if he were the only example of his kind!

Consider also Tom Lee in New York. I am referring now not to the famous Chinese of that name, but to a mysterious white man calling himself Tom Lee, who is understood to be the proprietor of the saloons at Nos. 9 and 28 Bowery. These places are not held in his name; two dummy names figure on the records for both lease-holders and license-holders. But the Bowery and Tammany know these as Tom Lee's places, and he assumes all the airs of proprietorship. His place at 28 Bowery is one of the headquarters for the "yeggmen" on their visits to New York. These men—thieves of the road, crackers of country safes, mostly desperate criminals—resort to his saloon to "blow" the profits of their industry. So from the proceeds of burglary the Tom Lee saloons make their money.

The Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, known as "Big Tim," is the law above the leader in Tammany Hall; and therefore the law above the law in New York. It were better that a millstone were about the neck of a police patrolman or captain than that he should try to curb the criminal activities of that place. For Tom Lee helps to keep the district in line for Tammany; he is able to furnish "gorillas" to the number of 500 for the straight ticket, obtaining them through his and other neighboring hotels and lodging houses. Does Tom Lee "give up" a proportion of his gains to Tammany? He does, or he would not be there. And from Tammany the money



The "Arlington Annex," Tom Anderson's place, where the "Blue Book," pages from which are pictured here, is distributed at 25 cents a copy

"Arlington" brothel. For example, when the brothel was burned out a year or two ago it moved into quarters over the saloon pending repairs.

Tom Anderson overtops the restricted district; he is its law-giver and its king; one of the names for it is "Anderson County." In his shadow flourish the unblushing, street-open shame of Iberville and Bienville and Conti and St. Louis Streets; the saloons with their wide-open poker and crap games; the dives where negroes buy for fifty cents five cents' worth of cocaine. He is, too, the pad between the poor, foolish, awkward law which is written in the books and the people who dwell under his kinder law. For example, when a woman of "Anderson County" commits robbery, and when the victim complains so loudly that she has to be arrested, Tom Anderson comes down and gets her out. He does not even have to give cash bail; a local law provides that a minor criminal, at the discretion of inspector or judge, may be released on the parole of any responsible prominent citizen.

drabbles out through several foul lines of conveyance. It keeps in office those small grafters who bleed public utilities; it helps elect judges, aldermen, State legislators, and Congressmen. The trails are wide open to-day—police, saloon-dealer, crooks, and the local political organization.

Tom Anderson and Tom Lee are not exceptions; it only happens that they are better known than a thousand others; that their operations are more easily traced. But let us now take up a general situation, and study the late history of the "saloon influence" in Louisville.

For time out of mind, Louisville had been ruled by a Democratic gang closely allied with the saloons. The politicians in this gang sought no more remote aim than keeping the saloons open and protected and happy in their activities; there was no special dalliance with large graft. They got their pickings from fat public offices and from blackmailing vice. That is, they had not risen to the second degree of their order, wherein the gang politician begins to tap the corporations.

Louisville's Turning Point

IN 1903 there came a reform movement of considerable strength, which focussed on the election of a criminal judge. The "gang" won. The reformers proved that the voting places in sixteen precincts had been "moved." That is, the polling place would be set by law and advertised for one place; but when the election officers arrived they would take all the paraphernalia secretly to another place and hold the election there—or pretend to hold it. The sixteen "moved" precincts gave an average majority of 250 for the gang candidate. The corruption of this election brought a general reform movement. The "Evening Post," for years the hope of reform in Louisville, printed in December, 1904, an account of the illegal proceedings at Patrick J. Sharkey's saloon. Sharkey, alleging libel, sued Richard W. Knott, editor of the "Post," both criminally and civilly. By a decision which in face of the evidence bewilders a layman, Sharkey won a verdict, with a fine of \$500, in the criminal case. A week after, the reformers proved in court that Sharkey was running an illegal gambling game. Simultaneously, Sharkey applied through the regular channels for a renewal of his license. His prayer was granted at once.

This incident, following the election, stirred up all Louisville. The reform movement came to a focus in the general municipal election of 1905. The City Club nominated for Mayor J. T. O'Neill, a Democrat. The Republicans gave him their endorsement. Paul C. Barth was nominated by the gang on the "straight Democratic ticket." Behind him were the gang, all the saloon-keepers, and especially (note this) the powerful brewery combine.

That election, on the face of it, was a Democratic and gang victory by majorities of from three thousand to five thousand. Trouble began at the primaries, when the regular police knocked down and beat up reform workers who were insisting that the law be observed. One of the victims was the venerable and respected General Basil Duke. The regular election was the finest farce on democracy which has been played in this country for many years.

The reformers contested the election in court. They lost in the lower court by another inexplicable decision; but the Court of Appeals, five to one Democratic, returned a unanimous opinion declaring the election void.

Let me summarize the points of this decision which bear on our question. About 4,500 fraudulent registrations were proved. Of the voters so registered, about 4,000 "resided" in the upper rooms of saloons.

The saloons implicated averaged 26 fraudulent registrations apiece! On election day 83 bartenders and 16 saloon-keepers qualified as election officers—at least one man of this element was on guard in every precinct which figured in the decision. Of ten precincts "moved," nine ended up in the rear room of some saloon. When the Court of Appeals inspected the ballots and books of these ten precincts it found a peculiar state of affairs. So well had order, Heaven's first law, been observed that the registered voters cast their ballots in alphabetical order from A to Z. Mr. Austin had voted before Mr. Baker, and Mr. Zusatz last of all. The Bergman Street precinct is in the heaviest Republican district of Louisville—its normal majority is about 180. Just as the Republican election officers were ready to count, six men carrying revolvers raided the place and carried off the ballot-boxes to the saloon of a man named Hendricks—the cousin of a police

captain and the holder of a long "pull." In Hendricks's place they burned the ballots, disenfranchising the whole precinct. Dozens of reform election watchers were thrown out of the polling-places, clubbed, beaten. In almost every case a policeman in uniform did this work. Under a newer and better administration thirty policemen were broken in one day for their participation in that election.

There you have it—mostly proved in court. A brewery combine, furnishing money and brains for the protection of "large interests"; the whole body of retail saloon-keepers furnishing the machinery of corruption; the gang furnishing direction; all fighting together with criminal weapons that they might win the privilege of breaking and disregarding the law. And this case of the city of Louisville is not the exception any more than the cases of Tom Anderson and Tom Lee; it is only an extreme example.

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

XIV—The Hon. Job of Being a Spy

To Editor of COLLIER WEEKLY whenever he thinks of it,

DEAR SIR:—

I HAVE received from Hon. Emperor of Japan this week one printed license to be a Japanese Spy which honorable and disagreeable profession I shall follow, thank you, for rest of life with \$10 weekly salary for doing so. Hon. Emperor also send me one fire-bag to show what I am and get me in at all fires, footballs, prize-fightings, operatic meetings, race-riots and other forms of amusement free because I am Hon. Spy. I have wrote to Japanese Bureau and receive one week of salary in advance for following expenses which I must enjoy before going to work:

1 pair tennis shoes for making soft foot-prints.	40c
1 inexpensive second-handed camera-shoot which Japanese friends has got for sale.	\$6.80
6 whisksers to change my expressions to various kinds of nationalities.	\$2.40
Sum of total for this	\$9.60

This leave balance sum of 40c for care-fare to places where spying is to be done.

I am now a very distinguished Japanese among all-color races here because of that honor what have been poured upon me in official position which I set on. I am a fury of excitement whenever seen by Japanese colony. Hushed faces from all as I go pass-by. Infant children of yellow extraction make gather around me to present lily-flower of valuation.

"What do you desire to be grown up to when mature?" I require of these infant Japanese with noble expression of Hon. W. J. Bryan.

"Let us become Japanese Spies, please," they reject with harmonious collapse.

I permit them and continue to walk.

Ah yes, Mr. Editor, it is famous to become such a pride! Sometimes I cannot see my foots because of emotional chest. I am suddenly familiar to all San Franciscers from Hon. Mayor Taylor to Street Cleansing Department. Automobiles & horses stop themselves as I exit past wearing them 6 disguises of whisksers. "Look at it!" they report. "There go Hon. Togo which is in fine job of Japanese Spy!"

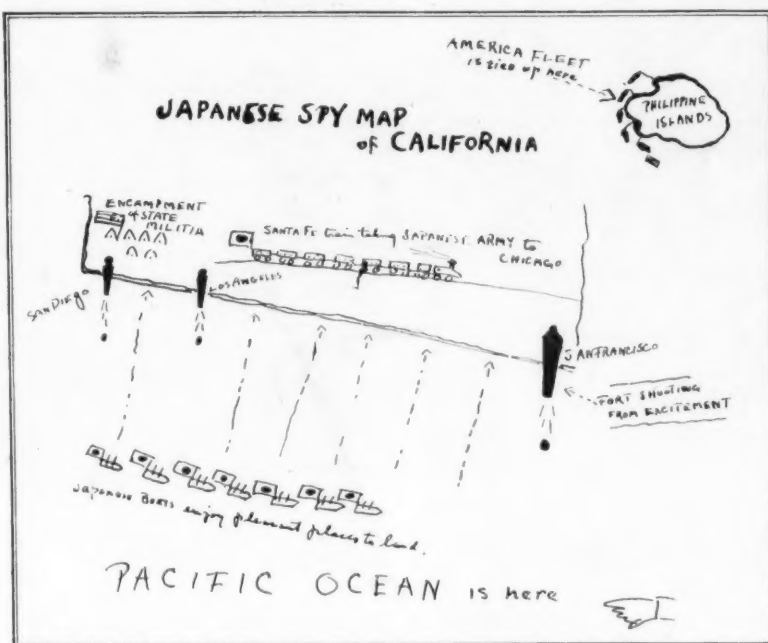
And yet I cannot escape from this rapture without enjoying some annoyances. Frequently it is done by reporters for American presses. Each every-place I go there is some of that journalist hiding behind to hear about it. By yesterday-time I go to fountain-head of W. Ohara, Japanese soda-water, and require one of lemon flavor.

"For cash-pay or credit-pay?" command this Ohara with suspicious expression.

"For credit-pay, please," I renig from scorn, "Charge all such drunks like this to Japanese War Budget."

That Ohara do so, thank you, and deliver to me one drink of considerable sourness. As soon as this is finished he make a sound like a mystery.

"Togo," he hissy, "I will told you something for Japanese spies."



Togo explains: "Them map I enclose was drawn under such excited circumstances that I was not able to get a very good portrait of Hon. California. Pacific Coast would look more comfortable if it was on the West; but I had to put it by Pacific Ocean which looks very natural on East side—therefore I was too courteous to change it. Please excuse Philippine Islands for being so intimate."

"What to be?" I manipulate from nervous conspiracy.

"America fleet of boats will arrive to San Francisco on date when it is to occur!" This from W. Ohara.

"How soon will such become?" I am next to require.

"I am not familiar of American almanacks," he say, "but it will be here in the very adjoining future."

"Emperor of Japan shall know-how about this!" I collapse making book-notes of pencil.

With immediate quickness I do stam-pede for cablygraf office, but alas! It cannot be wire to Hon. Emperor without some cash-moneys to do it with. So I send following to be pay-for by Hon. Emperor who is very careless about C. O. D.:

"To Hon. Emperor of Japan, or whoever opens it,

"DEAR SIR—When America fleet comes to this port what shall I do with it? Yours agreeably,

"HASHIMURA TOGO" (Spy)

Following answer come back by spark:

"Hashimura Togo, Japanese Schoolboy:

"DEAR SIR—Permit it to arrive. Yours truly, EMPEROR OF JAPAN."

Them secret correspondences no sooner came up by cablygraf office than reporters of San Francisco presses begin making puppy-dogs of my feet-steps. Snap-shoot fotos of me as myself and as Japanese Spy is took for Seattle papers, I am interview in three colors by young lady of beautiful thoughts to extent of several columns of Sunday articulation about "Hashimura Togo, Japanese nobleman disguised as Spy, tells readers of Daily Bugle about quaint dance-hall

customs of ancient Japan," I am photographed in 5 posey positions to represent as following:

- (1) Togo under Wistaria-frame.
- (2) Togo looking at himself in barrel of spring-water.
- (3) Togo teaching French language to geisha.
- (4) Hara-kiri of Togo in fashionable hotel.
- (5) Togo learning how to elope in a jimrikisha.

For them poseys for foto I am rewarded cash-pay of \$11 with which I give grand O-Hio dinner to Japanese Thinking Society including charity beer, turk-sandwiches & many other distinguished Japanese residents who must pay for what furniture was bursted.

Yes, I am found to be pretty great! At last week-time I receive from Sago Fatamuto, head of Japanese Spy Department, Pacific Coast, one recall by telephone to say:

"Togo, you are demanded to disguise yourself as Irish priest & make map-drawings of all fortifications along Pacific Coast from San Diego to San Francisco. Find them defenses and report self-same to me as soon as conveniently intelligent."

So I done what-was as require. I went traveling up & down Pacific Coast in searching of them fortifications he mentioned so as I could make maps out of them. But when I explored that beach to the extent of some time & money I could not find no fortifications and was considerable embarrassed about it. Hon. Japan had sent me to the seashore to find forts, cannon, dynamite and other materials to make trouble for Hon. Japan; but I made listening noise with eye close to ground without no more result.

At finally I seen one Mackeral Fisherman on tide.

"Hon. Mackeral Fisherman," I dictate, "could you told one poor Japanese Spy where he could find one artillery defense on this Pacific Coast?"

Hon. Mackeral Fisherman wipe chin-drop to reply:

"No thank you, Japanese Spy, I could not locate them fortification on this Coast, because I do not know. I have made fish-catch on this sea-shore for 28 annual years, but I am lynched if I ever seen such warlike defenses like you mention."

I was departing off when he delayed me with whistling music of chin.

"When I come to memorize my past," he say, "I recover one intelligence. About 14 year gone-time ago there was once one American fortification 50 miles down Coast. But it is not no longer there. Soldiers comed and removed it to Port Los Angeles where it would be more useful to Congressmans & Tourists who feel patriotick to see them shooting off."

I thanked this gentleman for his disgusting politeness. But what he said was true for me. However much I seeked I could not find no forts of gunnery along that Coast. Perhaps American artillery here is made of disappearing guns. If so is the case, they was all recoiled out of sight when I seen them.

So I wrote following report to Emperor of Japan:

"Mr. Emperor, you will observe by looking at it that I am sending you one map of Pacific Coast without no fortifications on it, because I could not find none to mark, with the excepting of Los Angeles, San Francisco & San Diego, which is all very healthy places for fleets. I hope you will not make angry scenery and chop me at neck for this. If you will sweetly refrain I will told you, please, how Japan Army could took that Pacific Coast for warfare. Adm. Count Togo must first tie America Fleet to Philippines or some convenient island; then Japan Army can arrive to Pacific Coast in row-boats or whatever is left. Japan Army next can proceed to Chicago in Santa Fe trains before encampment of State Militia ensues."

"Absent of forts on Pacific Coast is not because of a timid fear enjoyed by American persons, for them gentlemen is frequently found to be very fierce for all fights. It is Congress & Senate that done this. Them constitutions is too fond of simple life to endanger it by shoot-gun and stand-up army."

"Very often War Department telephone to Congress, 'Please appropriate for it \$280 to put one shoot-cannon up at Ocean View, Cal., so as to defend it against Hon. Japan. Send money by return messenger.'"

"So Hon. Jo-uncle Cannon, who is gun-shy about fire-arms, hear this telephone and declare:

"I refer it to Committee on Philippine Tariff."

"This aggregation of Filipino Patriots read telephone to each other for extent of 1 week, then refer it down to Committee on Architecture & Gas-Fitting who reduce that appropriation to \$175 and pass it along to Committee on Interstate Commerce which is too busy making sliding scale of rebates to worry about shoot-cannon for Ocean View, Cal.:"

"So bill goes down to Senate by mail-

chute. There Hon. Aldrick, who is making speak about 'Sacred Principles of Republican Majority,' see 'this bill and decry:

"What is them bill you have bring in here to interrupt speak?"

"This is Pacific Coast Defense Bill, reduce from \$280 to \$175,' deploy messenger with respectful salute of hat.

"Refer this to 13th pigeon-hole of Forestry Committee,' irritate this Hon. Aldrick and continue going on about Municipal Ownership of Rhode Island.

"So hon. bill recline in pigeon-hole, hon. cannon delay in Union Iron Work, Hon. Senate continue to go around for several year, till one day-time Hon. Roosevelt poke head in Senate and collapse:

"Where is that shoot-cannon for Ocean View, Cal.?"

"In Forestry Committee, please,' surrender Senate and foreclose on itself for summer recess. Then there is such race-riot from White House!—banzais, tear-up, shooting-gallery sounds, frequent fire-alarms and music of death; at finally Hon. Leob make bust out of door bearing in hands Presidential Message about shoot-cannon for Ocean View, Cal.

"Them is reason, Mr. Emperor, why I believe that Japan Army could make very pleasant trip to Pacific Coast in ferry boats. Maybe they would enjoy sea-illness before getting there; but if Congress do not worry about Coast Defenses, why should that dear Japan have such a nervous emotion?"

During passed-by week of work as Japanese Spy I have been seen in following places doing following things:

On Market Street in pursuit of Laboring Procession. Them patriots was saved from having portraits took by smash-up of my camera. (\$6.80 expense for Emperor of Japan.)

In magazine of Powder Works, Oakland, disguised as Polish Dynamiter. Enjoyed kicking down stairs for this, but nothing exploded.

In warship factory of Union Iron Works making book-note sketches from pencil. Book-note was tore up by laboring classes who merged me in ocean-wave for wet swim.

Went on ferryboat in disguised as Wm. H. Taft. Was arrested by

several Federal Appointments who knowed I was fooling them. (\$10 fine charged to Emperor of Japan.) Several times I was caught on street corner thinking in a suspicious manner.

During these occupations I have enjoyed some wounds & bruises, but not sufficient for hospital. I have also caught influenza in ear for listening too much. But this will be good thing for Japan which I shall tell to Sago Fatamuto as soon as I have got them informations sorted out in my brain.

With loving regards to your printer, Yours truly
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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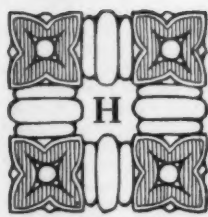
Refuge



A blinding light from thousands of globes scintillating before theatres

A Modern King Cophetua and the Familiar Beggar Maid

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN



HER name was Bertha; she was a shop-girl, twenty-one years old. Her slim shape was attractive; her hair was dark and heavy; her skin had a fine, clear pallor; her eyes were large and serious. Cheap clothes she wore with that subtle display of good taste which poor girls of discernment manage sometimes to acquire by observation of the more fortunate women whom they have to serve. Her tranquillity of manner—unnatural in a class which has, for salient characteristics, instability of temper and proneness to all sorts of agitation—indefinitely suggested a superior quality. Sometimes in poor surroundings one sees a person of whom one thinks instinctively: "She is misplaced. Why is she here?"

Her father was dead. There remained after him the memory of a tall, lean man with a patriarchal beard, with glowing eyes, with nervous mannerisms—a visionary, burning with extravagant dreams and misdirected energy, impractical, scrupulously honest, childlike in his trust of others, always beginning great works with feverish optimism, always failing and finding himself the nearer poverty. Born in a small town "out West," endowed with gentle instincts, acquiring early a love for refined occupations, upon his little stage he had essayed a variety of mediocre, genteel rôles without success. For him the passing years were marked monotonously, like a hard road with milestones, by disasters.

One day, in a last outburst of inspiration, he made some trifling inventions which seemed wonderful to him. Forgetting the humiliations of the past, confidently he staked all on his new enterprise. With such nervous ruthlessness as seizes on his kind in moments of irrational elation, in one week he effaced his home, converted everything into money at a loss, and brought his wife and daughter to New York, his fortune in a note-book in his breast pocket. He was going to campaign, he said, "from headquarters."

On the train he translated to his two women all his convictions of success. The world could not now afford to pass him by! Intoxicated by his own words, he evolved splendid visions: he who had waited so long would become rich at last; they should have their fine house; Bertha should go to college; they should take a trip around the world! The women, once more beguiled by that familiar fluency of his, paled with excitement.

They arrived in New York. The great city wore a cold, hostile aspect; at once they began to feel lonely and ignorant; almost with misgivings, they crept to a dirty boarding-house. "No matter—all will be different soon!" The father went out to make his fortune.

One alone, of all his devices, was of some value—and the simple old man, frightened by his new environment, bewildered by the glibness of crafty antagonists, for one hundred dollars gave up his plans and signed a release of them in full. Again in the street, he realized that he was lost. What hope now? At length he got a job at fifteen dollars a week; they all lived in one room; he spent his evenings with his forehead in his hand, staring miserably at the two women he had wronged.

In six months, made frail by worry, he died of pneumonia, in his last moments tortured by the thought that he must leave an empty purse. Before the end, he tried to reach out his hand to them and mumbled: "What have I done!" They did not understand him. At last they threw themselves down beside the body in the wild attitudes of poignant grief. They had loved him; it was fate that had done this; there was nothing to forgive him for.

The mother and the daughter were alone: what should they do? The instinct natural to all living things—that instinct which finds life still desirable even at its worst—urged them quickly back to the struggle. With difficulty they found work; at night they counted pennies; finally, after a period of acute anxiety, they began to feel sure of their ability to go on existing.

In the cheap boarding-houses that they chanced on were veiled, equivocal situations which filled them with trepidation. They longed for a little home of their own, however small; they dreamed of the Western cottage on a village street, with yellow flowers beside the doorstep, drawn window curtains, privacy, the sense of pleasure which comes, at nightfall, from lighting lamps and locking out the world. They found a flat of three tiny rooms on Eighth Avenue, up four flights of stairs, over a "retail liquor store," before which every evening a crowd of young hoodlums lounged, smoked, spat on the sidewalk, swore at the frowzy children who ran among them, ogled the slipshod girls of the neighborhood, and troubled the late hours with hoarse laughs, with uncouth shouts—like the barking of so many animals.

The flat contained a kitchen, an alcove called a bedroom, and a "parlor." The two women from time to

time engaged in timid efforts to decorate the place, to make it cozy. A paper fan, given away as an advertisement, made a new spot of color on a wall; by drinking enough of a certain brand of cheap tea one could obtain as a "premium" an earthenware figure of a simpering shepherdess for the parlor mantel-shelf. The few ornaments and utensils brought from the West, arranged painstakingly so as to go the farthest, aroused in those two hearts more melancholy than pleasure: each object evoked recollections, each was a link that bound its users to a past in which they believed they had been happy.

Apprehensive of the future—which had always heretofore contained for them some calamity—they began to hoard a little every week. They planned their expenditures for food in serious council; no scrap of anything was wasted. They argued for the ends of the loaves, each declaring that she liked that part the most; their meal-times were periods of mutual beguilement, each trying to trick the other into eating the best bits. Sometimes, in treating themselves to an unusual delicacy, they ate it with feelings of remorse.

The mother did sewing, paid for by the piece; towels, napkins, babies' clothing she made from materials with which a charitable society of women furnished her. Bertha worked in a great department store, and her week's wages were six dollars.

She had been put to work in the basement, in the glassware department. There, in an enormous, white-washed room as full of pillars as an Egyptian temple, under the violet glare of arc-lights sputtering in great globes, from morning till night she sold dishes, tumblers, cruets, fruit jars, articles for a hundred homely uses. Lengthwise in the place ran long tables, laden with glistening glass. Here were the samples and, when a customer had made her choice from them, a young man hurried off to the store-rooms with the number of the specimen, to duplicate it. He was a tall, bony youth—this messenger—who shaved his blue cheeks every day, but seemed seldom able to afford a haircut. His coat-sleeves were short; his wrists were thick and one saw no cuffs about them. His cravat was invariably the same: faded blue, with bluish-white polka dots. For weeks, once, the top button of his coat was missing. This annoyed Bertha, who was always neat; she had often an impulse to sew a new button there.

Toward the end of the long days, the close air, the constant glare of the arc-lights, the same questions, the same answers, the same tasks repeated innumerable times since morning, the hours of standing and of

walking with relaxed muscles about the tables, afflicted the sales-girls with lassitude, backache, little pains in the head, and a sullen animosity for the fresh-looking women customers who importuned them airily. At six o'clock they fled, as if escaping from a prison, and, at last, in the open air, their cheeks were cooled by the clean breeze, their eyes soothed by the dusk, all their jaded senses refreshed by the novelty which lay for them in the swift pulsation of the crowded thoroughfares. They told one another sarcastically that they knew of pleasanter places than the basement.

Late one afternoon a strange man, a superintendent in a frock coat, while walking between the glass-laden tables noticed Bertha. He hesitated, stopped, and came back to her. He stared at her face, her hair, and especially at her figure.

"How long have you been down here?"

"Six months," she answered, and was almost suffocated by the beating of her heart. He looked surprised. "Report for work at the dressmaking department in the morning."

She rushed home; with glowing eyes she entered the flat and found her mother in the kitchen calmly peeling potatoes.

"Mother, I'm to go into the dressmaking department! It means nine dollars a week!"

Her mother dropped the potatoes, which rolled about on the floor. The two women embraced; there were even tears in their eyes. Their supper was an event. The whole flat seemed all at once more cheerful, and they spent the evening planning a thousand little projects of improvement, now and then dreaming in silence of the possibilities of the future. Their piece of good fortune was like the earnest of a change of luck; they seemed to see in it a greater significance than it possessed.

In the morning, Bertha became a sales-girl in the dressmaking department.

She found herself in a big room paneled with mirrors, softly carpeted with green, having everywhere deep chairs and sofas of green plush. The sales-girls here were for the most part graceful and attractive members of their class, their hair was carefully arranged in imitation of the coiffures of fashionable customers; the black, unornamented clothes of some of them, though in all details unobtrusive, created an illusion almost of elegance. The forewoman was large, majestic, and shrewd-looking. Round the neck of her black waist she wore some strands of heavy coral beads, upon her fingers were three substantial rings, and when she moved about she left behind her an odor of violet essence.

This place was well-ventilated and sweet-smelling; aired and illuminated by tall windows, in its appointments, as Bertha saw it, quite luxurious. From the late hours of morning until closing time, the green room was embellished by the figures of the customers, their feathery headgear, furs, and costumes reflected in a score of mirrors, so that the apartment seemed to stretch off indefinitely on all sides into vistas full of women finely clothed—sitting on sofas, moving serenely to and fro, or, with lorgnons held to their eyes, gracefully bending over the "French models" which the sales-girls spread before them.

Here Bertha, tutored by her new companions, learned to flatter, to cajole, to tell untruths about her wares and still, while doing so, to appear frank and honest. She learned the names of the women who came to shop, their affairs, the scandals in the lives of some of them, evolved in exact detail no one knew from what sources, but nevertheless implicitly believed by eager audiences. Her eyes were opened to a strange world: things which before she had heard of through indefinite hints alone, here were recounted to her in plain language, and with the so-called principals of disreputable histories she came in actual contact, serving them. Curiously she would watch them meanwhile, wondering at the calmness of their agreeable faces, their beauty, their prosperity. Was this, then, the way that viciousness was served?

One day, at some preposterous story related by the forewoman—a ruthless gossip—Bertha retorted almost in exasperation:

"One would think there weren't any good people at all in a big city!"

"My dear," said the forewoman, looking at her intently, "those you hear nothing about are the clever ones." And she went slowly away, leaving behind her an odor of violet essence. It was that, perhaps, which for a moment made Bertha feel a little faint.

She did not forget that speech. Just as rank weeds, sown in an unprotected garden, grow quickly, overtop, and choke the delicate flowers, so from that seed sprang up strange thoughts which persisted in the young girl's mind. Sometimes, while serving women whom half-unconsciously she tried to imitate in speech, gesture, the dressing of her hair, small details of her clothing, she found herself staring at them strangely, as if by protracted gazing into their composed faces she could read the answer to her mute question: "Is it true?"

TEN months passed; Bertha was nearly twenty-three years old. Her life in the store continued in its outward details as before. Day after day, with fluent praise and flattery, she exhibited costumes of silk, of velvet, of diaphanous tissue—perishable masterpieces of dressmaking on each of which a dozen working women somewhere had used up their wits, stiffened their fingers, and worn out their eyes. Nonchalantly she mentioned to the customers the extravagant prices of these things, amazed no longer at the thought that there were women who could pay for a ball dress what would keep her and her mother for almost a year. Daily in contact with luxurious things, she came to understand perfectly the gratification which must lie in the enjoyment of them; she could appreciate exactly the sensuous delights which might be gained from wearing dainty articles of lace and silk, rare jewels, fine attire, the thousand expensive appurtenances with which rich women are able to perfect their charms. To be so beautiful, to leave no vanity ungratified, to satisfy to the utmost that desire for attractiveness inherent in her sex—what must that be like! Sometimes she would stand still,



He admitted that he had come to New York from the country

looking at nothing, dreaming, in her dream seeing herself a dazzling, exquisite figure.

On her way home at night, walking for choice along the fine avenues as far as possible, through a dusk gemmed with golden lights clustered before the porticoes of great hotels and restaurants, she was tormented constantly with jealousy. She stared at the endless procession of carriages, the horses' heads ornamented with stiff rosettes and silver, the coachmen and the footmen motionless upon their seats; in the bodies of victorias women leaning back wrapped in furs; or, through the windows of broughams, bare heads showing, diamonds in ear-lobes and at neck sending forth their flashes vivid red and green; pale, voluminous cloaks glimmering in the shadows. She saw, before canopied doorways, ladies descending from their carriages, climbing the carpeted steps, their long trains trailing after them like tumbling foam. Doors opened to them, disclosing the interiors of splendid houses, and shut while she looked longingly. Beyond the deserted terraces of restaurants, she perceived, through long windows, by the aid of candles lit on snowy tables, white shoulders, flowers, strands of pearls, outstretched fingers glittering with rings—vague people moving in another world.

She observed also the men who accompanied these fortunate women. From observing them, and from the perusal of stories in magazines and in novels which she borrowed, she made more dreams—dreams no less personal, dreams of the sort which young girls have. From actual perception and from fiction she constructed the young hero, the inevitable Prince—handsome, debonaire, aristocratic, always dressed for the evening in glistening hat and pumps and a fur-lined greatcoat, always, at the end of the adventures in which she perceived him, taking her in his arms. Such sweet imaginings made her forget herself. After all, were they utterly absurd? She told herself she was not ugly. Indeed, she knew that she must be attractive. Every evening men stared at her in the street; sometimes, walking beside her, softly they spoke to her. Then all her dreams would disintegrate; and she would realize that only in some such way would any fairy Prince, bereft of all his nobility by that act, ever come to her.

And yet, walking with burning, hungry eyes in that fair region, craving intensely all its rare allurements, into her mind crept stealthily speculative thoughts that she would not, a year before, have tolerated.

Each night, as she opened the door of the flat, she knew exactly what to expect. In the little kitchen, the kettle boiled on the stove; the tin clock ticked resonantly on the cupboard shelf; her mother, in a

gingham apron, stood there preparing supper. Looking into the "parlor," she could see the tidy on the table, the work-basket, the earthenware shepherdess on the mantel-piece, the broad brown stain on the ceiling where the water had leaked through one day, the foot of the bed looming in the black aperture of the little alcove. Night after night that scene, its insignificant details always the same!

Bertha sat down at the supper table covered with a red tablecloth. Her mother, wearing a mysterious, important smile, came forward with a covered dish. Her hair was gray, the lower part of her pale face was stout, under the gaslight she wore blue spectacles; for, growing ambitious, she had turned from towels and aprons to lace-work and in the long evenings had strained her eyes so that now she was able to do no sewing at all. She placed the covered dish on the table, holding one hand over the lid.

"Here's a surprise, Bertha. Something you like."

She removed the lid. The dish contained boiled bacon and stringbeans. Bertha, springing up, put her arms around her mother and burst into tears.

"Dear old mother!"

The old woman was amazed and disturbed. What could be the matter with the girl?

Later, when she had read the newspaper aloud, Bertha went to the window. They were on the top floor facing east; the roofs across the street were not so high as theirs. Beyond the shadowy chimneys of the neighborhood, beyond the dim church spires and the dark warehouses of other districts, afar there towered against the night gigantic buildings, illumined from their bases upward with a thin radiance rising from bright thoroughfares of pleasure. A nimbus of almost indistinguishable saffron was spread high in the sky above them, as if life must be glowing ardently there.

In the room the clock ticked interminably, the mother's rocking-chair went on creaking gently, and Bertha, pressing her forehead against the window pane, asked herself wearily: "Is this living?"

One evening, the monotony of their existence was broken in a startling way. There was a rumble and a crash on the staircase, a clatter of feet, a woman's screams. Every one rushed into the halls.

A glass-cutter who lived with his wife and three small children across the hall—a great brute of a man who spent his money on liquor as he earned it and every Saturday night appeared before his family reeling—had come

home drunk, slipped on the last staircase and fallen down it. The wife threw herself upon his body, crying out for him to speak; the children, howling in fright, ran to hide; the tenants all leaned over the balustrades or came trooping up from below to look at him. When they tried to move him, he roared with pain and fainted. They let him lie, and waited for the ambulance.

The ambulance surgeon, in a white suit, came skipping upstairs and examined him. The fellow's back was broken. The surgeon called up his driver, who appeared with a stretcher. And Bertha, with a shock of amazement, recognized in this tall, bony, blue-coated man the youth who, in the glassware department, used to run back and forth between tables and store-rooms. He looked up, saw her standing on the stairs a yard from him, and gaped at her as if petrified.

"You live here?"

"So you've left the store?"

"Six months ago. And you?"

"Still there."

On his way downstairs, holding one end of the stretcher, he still kept gazing up at her in bewilderment.

Three evenings later he met her at the door of the flat-house, stammering that it was his "night off."

"I thought perhaps you'd go to a show?"

She felt an uncomfortable obligation to bring him upstairs, and he stayed to supper.

He was heavier than when he left the department store. His cheeks were no less blue, but his hair was now trimmed short. He had cuffs about his wrists and wore a new cravat. Slightly awkward, aquiline, with heavy bones in his face, he looked capable and strong, suggesting indefinitely the farm. He admitted that he had come to New York from the country.

"How funny! So did we!" And Bertha looked at him more kindly.

They discussed the glass-cutter, who was dead. At his burial his wife—a woman of thirty, not uncommonly, with the appearance of having perhaps begun life in better surroundings—had found herself absolutely without resources and with three young children to support. Already she had moved out of the flat across the hall, in which she could afford to live no longer. Where had she gone? What was she to do? This dismal topic depressed them and spoiled their supper, till the ambulance driver—whose name was George—proposed with an air of forced jocularity that they all go to a theatre. The mother declined on account of her eyes, so Bertha went with him, and from the top gallery looked down upon the boxes where, as if very far off, women whose shoulders and bosoms protruded from shimmering dresses languidly fanned themselves

and leaned back to talk to men in black and white, who bent forward over the rails of their chairs.

George returned to the flat on his next night out. After that he presented himself at every opportunity. He took Bertha sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to an "Italian table d'hôte," where, in a restaurant converted from an old private house fallen into decay, they became acquainted with brittle breadsticks, soups in which one scattered cheese to obtain a flavor, the stringy legs of chickens, and hard blocks of ice-cream about the size of a butter pat. On their way home, maybe they would have to pass such restaurants as fascinated Bertha while she was walking from the shop; she would see again the extensive rooms with marble pillars, the snowy linen, the bright silver, the flowers, the people of the other world.

There seemed to be little doubt of his intentions, and the mother from behind her blue spectacles watched the progress of his courtship with suppressed excitement. Late one night, when he had brought Bertha back to her door, in an agitated, half-coherent speech he asked her to marry him.

"I know I'm not good enough for you! But ever since I first saw you in the basement—"

Watching him with intent eyes, deliberately she compared him to the figures in her dreams. She thought: "We should never be different. It would always be just—this!" Clinging to her old visions, her old unreasonable hopes, she told him the truth: she did not love him. He stood still for a while; then his eyes filled with tears, and, turning at last, he walked away.

She went upstairs to the window facing east and stared out over the housetops.

III

WEEKS afterward, when her mother, unable longer to contain herself, asked what had become of George, Bertha said calmly:

"I refused him."

For a minute the mother sat motionless. Behind her blue spectacles she seemed disguised, and Bertha, looking at her, had for the first time in her life an incomprehensible sensation of antagonism. At length, in a low, trembling voice the mother exclaimed: "So that's what you've done!" And after a moment, rising to leave the room, added in weak accents: "I'd hoped things might be a little different some time before I died. I thought maybe I deserved it—at least for a little while."

Bertha, alone, remained in the same attitude, cold all over. For suddenly in retrospection she saw all her mother's life and the mean quality of its whole; through intuition she perceived her mother's yearnings, now nearly hopeless, that she might at least end her existence with a taste of "something better."

Next morning, with wide eyes Bertha saw the dawn creep through the window, and that day she telephoned to the hospital where George had worked. He was gone; she could obtain no information of him.

The same afternoon she was resting on one of the green sofas in the shop, which happened for the moment to be empty. Beside her reclined the forewoman, who, while recounting wittily an intimate adventure of a friend of hers, managed to exhibit, as if casually, a new ring set with a large emerald. Listening absent-mindedly to the forewoman's story, replete with details of a sort which nowadays did not disturb her in the slightest, Bertha looked up and saw entering the room a young woman and a young man, both strangers. The young woman was blond, handsome, and well dressed. Her companion, following with that self-conscious pose of tolerance which men are apt to assume when lured into such places, was the embodiment of Bertha's dreams!

He was tall and heavy about the shoulders; his smooth-shaven face was finely modeled; his yellow hair, clipped short, rippled above his white forehead. He wore a suit of soft gray, a silk shirt striped with lavender, a lavender cravat pierced by an amethyst pin, and gloves of chamois skin. When he sat down, his hat and cane across his knees, his fine blue eyes turned indifferently toward the ceiling, lavender silk stockings showed above his boots of deep tan color. He and the woman with him looked alike; evidently she was his sister.

She wanted a new ball dress in a great hurry: She had been everywhere else, but had not found anything to suit her. Perhaps the forewoman had something already made, from Paris, that would fit her with a few alterations? The forewoman, with a suave and competent manner, produced from a wardrobe a low-neck gown of silver tissue, covered with minute embroidery, all in one piece. The customer, assuming the illegible expression of a bargainer, examined it, while her brother snapped his watchcase, yawned, and began indifferently to inspect the sales-girls.

"But the price is exorbitant!"

"Oh, madame! Not for this robe! Just look at it. If you could only try it on—it's exactly your size, I'm sure."

The customer, whose street dress looked as if putting it on had been an ordeal, demurred.

"If you would wish to see it on one of the girls, then? Bertha?"

Bertha, with her heart beating hard, took the dress away. Presently returning in it, she saw approaching her from a distance a beautiful woman with white shoulders and arms exposed, slender, exquisite, to whom clung a gown of silver, trailing behind her, tumbling over the green carpet like foam in moonlight. It was herself, reflected in a mirror.

Suddenly she felt frightened. She could not help looking at the young man. Staring at her, he was perfectly pale.

A blush of shame spread from her cheeks over her white neck.

"Walk across the room, Bertha."

With a pleading look at the forewoman, she obeyed, exceedingly graceful even in her trepidation, amid the fading daylight gleaming like an alluring apparition. The customer purchased the dress.

That evening, as Bertha in her black skirt and jacket was walking home, midway in a deserted street a man who had been following confronted her. It was he! She started back, but he approached nearer, hat in gloved hand, at first unable to begin his speech.

"How shall I excuse myself? If you could only forgive my doing this! But how else should I ever meet you? If I had not, we should have had to go on always without knowing each other. For you that might have been easy—but not for me! What magic leaps from one person to another at the first glance! Forgive me—the wildest words seem reasonable to me tonight. Say you forgive me, that you will not pass by without a word!"

How rich his voice! How handsome he was! He took her hand; and in his fingers hers weakened and lay still. A look which she did not see—of intense satisfaction—crossed his face.

"I must go on," she

gaped.

"No, no."



Suddenly she felt frightened

"I must go on. I can't stay. I can't talk to you tonight."

"Then to-morrow night? Here, in this street, at the same time? Oh, don't be cruel!"

She withdrew her hand and went quickly away. So long as she remained in sight he watched her, leaning on his cane, speculative, slightly smiling.

Bertha, hurrying through the darkness, oblivious of everything about her, was like a person under the influence of one of those drugs which, through their terrible exhilaration, disturb all mental balance, cloud all sane perception. Presently, her humid eyes perceived, irradiated from street lamps, splendid pyrotechnic beams of light; the rumble of heavy vehicles came to her as from a great distance, and the people she passed were all insensate, negligible shadows. Reaching the flat, she stared about her as if she had never seen the place before.

In the morning the forewoman had ready some gossip concerning the purchaser of the ball dress. Yes, he was her brother. And the forewoman began to relate, with gusto, stories about him "which everybody knew." He was rich. Youthful as he was, he had led a wild life; he was well known for a reckless, unscrupulous, dangerous young man. The forewoman was excited by these accomplishments of his. As for Bertha, before her rose the indistinct faces of innumerable other women.

In the dark street that night when, faithful to his appointment, he approached her, the girl turned on

him savagely: "I want nothing to do with you! How dare you speak to me!"

"What!" he ejaculated, astounded, crestfallen.

She sped home; in the black alcove, her cheek upon the pillow, stealthily she cried herself to sleep.

But she could not forget him. Spring came—that season when young hearts are full of tender longings. During her tedious days in the shop, again and again she would find herself staring at the chair he had sat in. In the twilight of the home-going hour, venturing once or twice through the street where she had met him, she would walk slowly, gazing about her, with softened features, saying to herself: "It was just here that he spoke to me." And she would remember his shadowy bare head with its rippling curls, his luminous eyes, the clasp of his gloved fingers, his silk shirt, the silver knob of his cane which he had held just so under his arm. Sometimes she stopped short, wondering with a pang: "What is he doing now?"

He was different from all others with whom she had come in contact. For her he represented, in himself and in the environment that he must have, everything she had longed for in her dreams. Now he was a figure so remote as nearly to be merged into those dreams again: at times she could hardly believe that he had really spoken to her, touched her, been attracted by her, and that she had repulsed him. Why had she repulsed him?

She thought of the flat, of her mother working night after night in the little kitchen, of the racket rising from the rough street to her window, disturbing sleep in the close alcove. She thought of the days before her, each one like its predecessor, and of her mother finishing her life on one of them without ever having enjoyed "something better."

"Oh, what a fool I was!"

Summer passed, fall brought cold rains, and in the sombre streets the first snow fell.

Walking home one evening through the fine avenue where, perversely, she still tormented herself by gazing at that other world, she saw striding toward her a tall figure, with glistening hat and pumps and a furled greatcoat. In a flash she felt an acute burning pain below her heart. It was he again.

He stopped before her. They stood motionless, heedless of the people who brushed past them with askance looks. Presently, she found herself walking slowly beside him in a by-street, his hand beneath her arm. He began to speak, and the rich vibration of his voice made her tremble.

"Why did you do it? Why were you so cruel? I have had a terrible time ever since. Whenever I see a slender figure indistinctly in a dark street, my heart leaps into my throat and I think: 'It is she!' When I close my eyes, I see you. Why did you run away from me? I would do everything for you. I would like to see you always as you looked that day, in the silver dress. I love you."

"You do?" she asked, in a voice which she did not recognize as hers.

She felt his arms about her. In the shadows of the empty street, lifting her nearly off her feet, he kissed her, and she smelled a delicious odor of lilac water. She knew nothing. All was lost. When he left her, after walking with her for several blocks, she had promised to meet him the next night.

The next night she told her mother calmly that she was going to visit a shop-girl who was sick. The old woman, starving for gossip, asked Bertha all about the invalid. The daughter was forced to invent a long story. It was her first direct lie to her mother. She told herself another—and tried to believe it—when, setting out, as short of breath as if she had been running, she kept repeating: "It will be all right. There is no harm in going to dinner, is there? He has been slandered; he is good—shouldn't I know? He loves me, for he said so. Then why should he not marry me?"

She entered Broadway. At once, upon her beat a blinding light: from thousands of globes scintillating before theatres, from many fantastic signs aloft, which, rocket-like, burst every moment into brilliancy, from the green glare emitted by shop windows, turning all faces ghastly. In this illumination, lowering her head, she hastened through the crowd like a guilty person fearful of detection. She bumped into a woman who was sauntering along, swinging a hand purse, gaily dressed, wearing a great hat full of feathers. Bertha, looking up, recognized her. It was the wife of the glass-cutter.

The woman's face was close to Bertha's. The intense green light from a shop window illumined it, turning to purple the rouge on the cheeks, revealing fully the furtive anxiety and the exhaustion stamped on the deteriorated countenance.

She recognized Bertha and smiled, with an expression which drew a stiff crease down from each corner of her mouth. She exclaimed:

"Why, hello, what are you doing here?"

Her utterance seemed like a cordial welcome.

Bertha turned and walked away blindly, knocking against pedestrians. She reached the cool, dark streets. She went on and on, at random, like a somnambulist. She stared up at the clear sky, spread out like a great canopy of blue-black velvet, and was amazed to see shining there the countless stars, cold, calm, unaffected, immutable—just as they had always been.

She reached the flat-house and slowly climbed the four staircases. She opened the door. George was sitting in her rocking-chair, talking to her mother.

He had on a fireman's uniform. He rose, trembling from apprehension, unable to speak, his face transfixed by a look of dumb devotion.

For a moment she could not believe it true.

Then, in a failing voice: "Oh, George!" she cried, and reached out her hands to him.

What the World is Doing

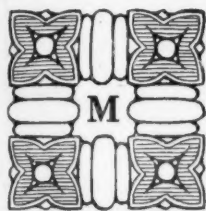
A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



Navy Critics Answered



R. HENRY REUTERDAHL has achieved the distinction, not only of drawing heated words from the usually frigid pen of President Roosevelt, but of extracting two whole books from the Navy Department. At the desire of the President, Admiral Converse, president of the Board of Construction, has prepared a volume of ninety-one pages dealing exhaustively with all the charges directed against our ship-building methods by recent critics, headed by Mr. Reuterdahl. Admiral Capps, Chief Constructor, has filed a still longer report on the same subject.

The most serious of the charges was that the armor belts on all our battleships were so low as to be submerged and useless under ordinary conditions, and that this mistake was persistently repeated in the plans of our very latest vessels still to be built. Admiral Converse denies that the belts are under water even when the ships are fully loaded, and he holds that a ship would be likely to carry only about two-thirds of her greatest possible load on going into action. In this condition from four to five feet of the belt would be under water, and from two and a half to four and a quarter feet above. It is much more important, in the view of the Department, for the armor to go low enough than for it to go high enough. A shell entering above the belt would have unpleasant, but not fatal, effects. It would pass above the protective deck into a maze of small compartments, where the inflow of water would be checked by a cellulose cofferdam and by the coal in the bunkers. The amount of water that would have to be dealt with would be only the wash from the waves and from the ship's rolling. But a shell below the belt would almost certainly be fatal. It would let a rush of water under pressure stream into large compartments, and there would be no way of checking the flood. A ship rolling seven and a half degrees exposes a space of four and a half feet below her level water line, so that our belts go none too far for safety in that direction. Of course, it would be very desirable to have the entire ship covered with armor, but since that is impracticable, the belt has to be put where it will be, on the whole, the most useful. On our battleships there is heavy side armor extending many feet above the main belt.

The assertion that the freeboard of our ships is so low as to make it impossible to fight the forward guns in moderately heavy weather is answered by figures showing that our vessels, except the oldest, are at least as high as most foreign ships of corresponding dates, except the French. The point is made that several Russian ships built on French designs with high freeboard were capsized or otherwise sunk in battle with Japanese craft like our own. The big gun-ports of the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* were an outcome of early conditions which have been outgrown. The ammunition hoists which have been said to endanger our ships by giving direct passageways for sparks from the guns to the handling rooms next the magazines are described as in process of development. No satisfactory arrangement has yet been found in any navy, but we are installing promising improvements from which high hopes are entertained.

The charge that our fleet has had only ten days of battle practise in nine years is met by the statement that we have not had battleships enough for real exercises in fleet tactics until lately. While our force was small we carried out such practise as we could under war conditions.

In the spring of 1903 we had our first opportunity to assemble eight battleships, the minimum needed for the proper performance of squadron



The Stone-Folk Contest in Missouri
From "The St. Louis Post-Dispatch"

drills, and this force has been kept together for drill purposes as far as practicable ever since. It was not until 1907 that we could bring together sixteen battleships, forming a fleet of two squadrons, and then for the first time real practise in fleet tactics became possible. Such drills were promptly carried out last summer.

While the various charges of the critics are thus answered in detail, Admiral Converse does not undertake a general defense of the bureau system, whose inefficiency seems to be taken for granted on all hands. Yet that system is so rooted in individual interests that it appears to need no defenders, and even capacious censors like Senator Hale seem to be afraid to touch it.

Canada's Asiatic Problem

THE friendly arrangement effected by Mr. Lemieux for the practical exclusion of Japanese laborers from Canada through the agency of the Japanese Government itself has not been able to quiet the agitation in British Columbia. The Vancouver riots last year were precipitated by the refusal of the Lieutenant-Governor to approve the "Natal Act" forbidding the immigration of persons unable to read and write some European language. Notwithstanding the Lemieux agreement, substantially the same act was passed again by the Legislature of British Columbia, and this time the Lieutenant-Governor gave it his approval. The Provincial authorities immediately began the enforcement of the law, holding up a number of Japanese immigrants under its provisions, but an appeal to Ottawa brought a prompt disallowance of the statute from the Dominion Government on imperial grounds. This action excited great discontent among the agitators in the Pacific Province, and there were some threats of violence. The British Columbians complained that the promised restriction from the side of Japan had not prevented Japanese immigration, and of course that arrangement did not affect the influx of Hindus, who are even less popular among the whites of the Pacific Coast than the Japanese. The exclusionists in Vancouver allege that the Japanese there are importing great quantities of arms. The Asiatic Exclusion League is organized on an international basis, and American and Canadian agitators are working together in the utmost harmony.

Brightening Skies

ALTHOUGH the panic of 1907 was described by Senator Aldrich as the severest in our history in its immediate effects—a description that is concurred in by many eminent authorities—there are indications that the resulting depression is passing away more rapidly than after most similar disasters in the past.

When the spring buying season began in New York in the second week of February the metropolitan merchants who had resigned themselves to the prospect of a sickly trade were astonished by a sudden influx of cheerful buyers from the West. The wholesale district was overrun by a purchasing army three or four thousand strong, all convinced that the panic was over and determined to forget it at the earliest possible moment. Some of the great New York houses that had been discharging men in anticipation of a dull season found it suddenly necessary to expand their staffs to cope with the unexpected flood of business. Instead of the enormous shrinkage of trade that had been anticipated, some firms reported a great increase, running as high as fifty per cent over the corresponding period of a year ago. The optimistic Westerners said that the only dark spot in the country was New York, and metropolitan merchants complained that the Wall Street pessimists tried to discourage their buyers whenever they caught them in the financial district. The same story of vigorous buying for the country trade is reported from Chicago, where the movement set in two weeks earlier than usual.

The sudden revival of business in these lines started in the healthiest possible way with the consumer. The brunt of the panic fell upon the middlemen and the manufacturers. When the merchant could not get his usual accommodations, or even draw out his balance from the bank, he stopped replenishing his stocks. Deprived of the merchant's orders, the manufacturer shut down his mills. But the farmers kept on living and buying their usual supplies of goods. All at once the merchants realized that their shelves were bare. They had to stock up in haste, and their demands set the wheels of industry in motion all along the line, for there were no accumulated supplies to draw upon.

The revival of business is reflected in the operations of the railroads, many of which report very decided increases both in passenger and freight traffic. Mills and factories of all kinds have been starting up.

Of course, business has still a long way to go before it can recover all its lost ground. The best that can be hoped for 1908 is a reasonable improvement, and that seems to be assured. The returns of our foreign trade show that the sudden expansion of exports, which paid for the gold we brought in after the panic, still continues. In January, 1908, our export balance reached the unparalleled figure of \$120,513,131, and in the three months since the panic the excess of exports was no less than \$328,916,444—more than three times the amount of the gold we imported to relieve the crisis.

One feature of the situation seems anomalous, and it is doubtful whether it can be maintained. The steel manufacturers, by an "exchange of opinions" which, they are careful to explain, is not an "agreement" or even an "understanding," have prevented any material reduction in the prices of finished steel products. In some cases, indeed, such as wire nails and barbed wire, there have been actual increases. It is, of course, desirable that there should be no such wholesale slashing of rates as demoralized the steel industry after 1893, but in view of the fact that there have been enormous reductions in the prices of pig iron it is hard to see how the finished product can be artificially kept on a scale that so far increases its margin over the raw

MR. MOTOR CAR BUYER

READ Why has the motor car market slumped? Why is the present watch word of the motor car industry "retrench"? Money market the cause? No! That is the excuse. The real reason is the awakening of the public to a sense of automobile values—a demand for a dollar's worth of service for one dollar instead of ten—a demand for reliable power without unnecessary cylinders or working parts—a demand for practical road clearance and large obstacle reducing wheels—a demand for a motor car which would succeed the horse and carriage in cost and up-keep per mile—and add to this the benefits and pleasures of moderate speed.



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material. Recoveries in business after depressions generally start with lower prices.

A canvass of the meat-packing establishments of Chicago shows that of 3,500 men laid off on the first of January all had been taken back by the middle of February. On the other hand, of 15,000 men laid off by six great manufacturing establishments only 3,000 had been reemployed. In Boston 9,000 workmen made idle in January were put back to work by February 15, and in Milwaukee 4,500.

The Great Smoke Mystery

Why owners of factories insist on throwing away money

AS more than a third of the people of the United States live in cities, the smoke nuisance has become a national pest and is very properly receiving the attention of the national Government. The Geological Survey has been conducting investigations whose results are summarized in a preliminary report by Mr. D. T. Randall.

The state of things disclosed is curious. Usually business men try to do what is most profitable to themselves, and if they come into collision with the laws and with public sentiment it is in the effort to make profits in forbidden ways. But in the case of the smoke plague the situation is precisely reversed. In pouring out dense masses of unconsumed fuel into the atmosphere the offenders are simply throwing money to the birds. It would be much more profitable to them to keep their chimneys smokeless. Yet cities vainly pass anti-smoke ordinances, and business men pay fines rather than obey rules that would add to their profits.

Mere stupid inertia is doubtless responsible in part for this curious phenomenon, but another explanation is to be found in the attitude of employees. In many cases firemen will not take the trouble to stoke their furnaces properly, even when they are provided with the most improved appliances. They find it easier to fill up their fire-boxes with coal and enjoy twenty minutes or half an hour of dignified leisure before another load is needed than to give their work the constant attention that scientific firing demands. At one plant that had been smoking for several days, although equipped with a smoke-preventing device, a connecting chain was found to be broken, and the fireman explained that he "didn't have time to bother with it." It would have taken about ten minutes to hitch the broken ends together. At another establishment with engines of nearly four thousand horse-power soot was hanging from the boiler-tubes, which had not been cleaned for four months. "The average boiler-room," observes Mr. Randall, "is a hot, dirty, and otherwise unattractive place. . . . The boiler-rooms are managed for the most part by men hired not so much for what they know as for their ability to do hard work, and they get comparatively small wages."

The idea prevails among employers that there is a good opportunity in this direction to "economize." They have not generally realized that such economy is the most expensive extravagance. According to the Geological Survey's expert, "it is a conceded fact that intelligent men trained in boiler-room practise could save ten per cent of the fuel used in fifty per cent of the plants in the United States, and that in another twenty-five per cent of the plants such men could save five per cent of the fuel." That is an item well worth the attention of alert business managers.

The Fight in San Francisco

A curious alliance between respectability and corruption

THE remarkable decision of the District Court of Appeals in California invalidating the conviction of Schmitz on the ground that his indictment for extorting money from the keepers of French restaurants did not state a crime, has not cooled the ardor of the prosecution nor taken the edge off the grim fight that is rending the people of San Francisco. President Calhoun of the United Railroads is the centre of the present struggle. The effort to save him from jail has developed what is probably a more thoroughly organized, systematic, and far-reaching system of influencing public opinion than was ever devoted to a similar object before. All the purchasable elements of the press—and San Francisco has always been richly endowed with such agencies, especially among the weeklies—have been enlisted in a war upon the prosecution. Claquers, working individually and collectively, tell how the persecution of capital is injuring business, just as their counterparts in national affairs go about assailing President Roosevelt. In one case a Calhoun emissary made his way into the Good Government League, where he spent his time in private missionary work among the members against the prosecution. The fact that the financial burden of the fight has been borne almost entirely by Mr. Spreckels has been treated as if it were a discredit to him instead of to the solid "leading citizens" who have left him to stand alone while they have either exerted their active influence on the side of corruption or at best have adopted the easy and safe attitude of critical neutrality. All the "interests" are united, and conventional "respectability" goes with the interests. But the prosecution still has behind it the huge majority that reelected District Attorney Langdon last November.

The Liquor Dealer's Paradise

In England his license is property

THE Mississippi State Senate passed on February 13, with only four dissenting votes, the bill previously passed unanimously by the House prohibiting the liquor traffic after the first of next January. That makes a solid block of State prohibition territory from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, with the possibility of traveling through an unbroken strip of dry territory, State and county, from the Atlantic to New Mexico.

The harried American saloon-keepers who see one stronghold after another falling into the hands of ruthless enemies, who not only wipe out their business at a minute's notice, but even force them in some cases to pour their liquors into the gutters, may look with envy upon those sweet isles of rest in which ennobled brewers are hereditary law-makers. Lord

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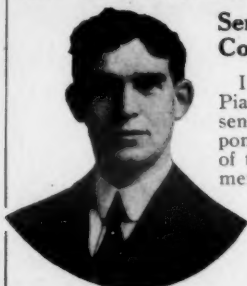
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Burton, First Baron of Pale Ale, is heading a national protest, on moral grounds, against the subversive scheme of the Liberal Government to put a time limit of fourteen or fifteen years on the licenses of public houses. At present licenses are granted by magistrates for terms of one year. There is no legal obligation to renew a license, although a law passed by Mr. Balfour as recently as 1904 gives the publican a claim to compensation when a renewal is refused. But the regard for vested interests in Great Britain is so deeply rooted that this mere temporary privilege of selling liquors, granted from year to year, is treated by a great part of the community as if it were a freehold property, while all but the wildest radicals admit that it is a thing that must be handled with the greatest tenderness. The revolutionary Liberal plan is simply to give notice now that the Government will feel free to deal with the retail liquor trade as it pleases after the lapse of a sufficient time—probably fourteen or fifteen years—to allow the men engaged in it to adjust themselves to any new conditions. The present value of British licenses is estimated at from \$625,000,000 to \$750,000,000, and since the number granted is now strictly limited and is likely to shrink in the near future the value of those remaining at the end of the proposed limit is not thought likely to exceed \$500,000,000. The Liberals suggest that by beginning now to lay aside the trifling sum of \$25,000,000 a year for an insurance fund, which may be made up by economical management or by increasing the price or diluting the strength of drinks, the liquor sellers may have this all covered within the next fifteen years. But the conservative elements, which are by no means confined to the Conservative party, hold that even this would be too much of a hardship. The "Spectator" solemnly observes:

"Public policy ought to override private interests. But this process of overriding should have reference to the future, not to the present. . . . It may be as necessary for the public welfare to buy up the rights of brewers and publicans as it was to buy up the rights of Irish landlords. . . . The trade of the publican is one of the oldest in existence, and if it is to be prohibited, or only permitted under conditions which will discourage every one from taking it up, those actually engaged in it have, as it seems to us, a just claim to compensation for the livelihood which is denied them."

This is the way in which English public opinion deals with what even the trade members of the Royal Commission on Liquor Licensing described as "a gigantic evil" and a "national degradation" for whose diminution hardly any sacrifice would be too great. Yet England has none of the constitutional safeguards of vested rights which have made it so nearly impossible for American cities to cut down gas rates and street railroad fares. The only thing that protects the British liquor trade is public sentiment, but that seems to be quite sufficient.

Canadians Looking Ahead

Five-eighths of British Columbia in new forest reserves

THE opponents of the national forestry policy in the United States have laid special stress upon the streams of American home builders flowing across the line into Canada. They have dwelt tearfully upon the loss of national strength caused by a cruel government, which, by forbidding its citizens to make homes on its woodlands, drives them to a more hospitable foreign land. But now the Government of British Columbia has put into forest reserves at one stroke a hundred and fifty million acres—as much in that single Province as all the forest reserves of the United States put together. The entire area of British Columbia is less than two hundred and forty million acres, so that the Government has reserved in one block about five-eighths of all the land in the Province. Yet Senator Heyburn of Idaho wails piteously because the United States Government has put about two-fifths of the area of his State into National Forests.

In British Columbia there are practically no timber lands in the market. The lumberman who wishes to cut trees must deal with the Government. Lands not in the forest reserves may be leased, subject to a royalty on all timber cut. It is to be noted that the enlightened policy which gives the people the control of their own timber resources is carried out by the local government of the Province itself. Unlike some of our Western States, British Columbia does not hang back in sullen protest while salvation is forced upon her by a distant national authority.

Rural Parcels Posts

Congress is asked to take a little step forward

THE parcels-post plan of Postmaster-General Meyer has been embodied in a bill introduced by Senator Kean of New Jersey. The benefits of the scheme are to be entirely confined to the patrons of rural free delivery routes, serving less than a fifth of the population of the United States. In this way it is hoped to disarm the opposition of the country merchants and of the express companies, hitherto the chief obstacles to progress along this line. Packages from one pound to eleven pounds are to be carried at the rate of five cents for the first and two cents for each additional pound. Thus an eleven-pound parcel will cost twenty-five cents, a rate amply sufficient for the short haul on a rural carrier's wagon. Smaller packages are to be carried at a cent for the first two ounces, an extra cent for the next two, three cents for weights between four and eight ounces, four cents between eight and twelve, and five cents between twelve ounces and a pound.

For the special protection of the country merchant it is provided that no parcel shall be accepted from any dealer or any agent of a dealer whose regular place of business is not on a rural delivery route. Of course this is only the most modest sort of instalment of real parcels-post work, and it would leave us still far behind most foreign countries in that kind of enterprise, but the interests affected do not intend to permit even that timid advance to be accomplished if they can help it. A note of opposition has already been heard from the commercial travelers, who think that if people once begin ordering goods for themselves the practise may spread to undesirable lengths.

WHIPPED CREAM

The large percentage of cream in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) permits of satisfactory whipping, if milk and utensils are thoroughly chilled. Use flat or coarse wire whipper. Quickest results are obtained by whipping in bowl packed in ice. Add a little vanilla and confectioners' sugar.—Advt.

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A Remarkable List of March Records

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Seven New Records by Harry Lauder the famous Scotch comedian

A NEW YORK manager paid Harry Lauder a fabulous salary to come over from England and sing for a few weeks at his theatre because nobody else can sing comic songs in the Scotch dialect as Harry Lauder does. Harry Lauder has enriched the March list by making Records of seven of his best songs. Here's the list:

19173 Rob Roy Mackintosh	19175 Tobermory	19178 I Love a Lassie
19174 She's My Daisy	19176 We Parted on the Shore	19179 Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock
	19177 The Safest o' the Family	

Five New Grand Opera Records

have been added to our already large list. Well-known selections from standard operas, sung by famous operatic stars:

B. 60 Figli miei, ("Let Us Pause, O My Brothers"), "Sons of Dalila."	Saint-Saens
B. 61 Nonconosci il bel suol, ("Dost Thou Know That Sweet Land"), "Mignon."	Thomas
B. 62 Rondo vom Goldenen Kalb, ("Song of the Golden Calf"), "Faust."	Giuseppe
B. 63 Una furtiva lagrima, ("In Her Dark Eye There Stood the Furtive Tear"), "L'Elisir d'Amore."	Donizetti
B. 64 Canzone del Torero, ("Song of the Toreador"), "Carmen."	Bizet

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The Regular List of Twenty-Four New Records

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9770 Cavalry Charge (Luders)	Edison Military Band
9771 When the Springtime Brings the Roses, Jessie Dear (Roder & Heli)	Manuel Roman
9772 Sahara (Van Alstyne & Williams)	Collins and Harlan
9773 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still (Wrighton) Violin, Flute and Harp	Edison Venetian Trio
9774 Golden Sails (Irwin & Robyn)	Florence Hinkle
9775 Upper Ten and Lower Five (Thornton)	Favor and Meeker
9776 "Moolah" (McCree) Italian Dialect Song	James Brockman
9777 The Teddy Bears' Picnic (Bratton)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9778 When You Love Her and She Loves You (Mills) Waltz Song	Byron G. Harlan
9779 Sheriff's Sale of a Stranded Circus (Original Character Sketch)	Spencer and Girard
9780 I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark (Williams & Van Alstyne)	Billy Murray
9781 The Marriage of Figaro Overture (Mozart)	Edison Concert Band
9782 The Heart You Lost in Maryland You'll Find in Tennessee (Solman & Lamb)	Frederic Rose
9783 To the Work (Doane & Crosby) Gospel Hymn	Edison Mixed Quartette
9784 Nothin' Ever Worries Me (Hirsch & Lowitz)	Arthur Collins
9785 "Smile, Smile, Smile" and "Kiss, Kiss, Kiss" (Bells Solo)	Albert Benzer
9786 Bygone Days (Reed & Ball)	Harry Anthony
9787 Muggsy's Dream (Original Character Sketch)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9788 I Marched Around Again (Rose & Snyder)	Edward Meeker
9789 The Merry Widow Selection (Lehar)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9790 Flanagan's St. Patrick's Day (Original Monologue)	Steve Porter
9791 The Sword of Bunker Hill (Wallace & Covert)	Edison Male Quartette
9792 She Forgot to Bring Him Back (McKenna and Irwin)	Ada Jones
9793 Down the Field March (Friedman)	Edison Military Band

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THOMAS A. EDISON

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By Rupert Hughes. A bright, vigorous article about our National Guard, told in stirring style and illustrated with snappy, interesting photographs. Every young man in the country ought to read it. From camp skylarking to routine drill it has the appeal of young blood about it.

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Herbert N. Casson gives a remarkable word picture of the most vivid and dramatic moment in the history of business law—together with a character-sketch of Kenesaw Mountain Landis and a host of inside facts about the Standard Oil lawyers.



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"Life and Luxury in Metropolitan Clubs" by John Gilmer Speed.

"Stuyvesant Fish: Financial House Cleaner" by Lindsay Denison.

"J. G. Brown: Painter of Humble Folk" by W. Howard Standish.

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